

THE

PP5383

CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. TOWN,

CRITIC and CENSOR-GENERAL.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

----- NON DE VILLIS DOMIBUSVE ALIENIS,
NEC MALE NECNE LEPOS SALTET; SED QUOD MAGIS AD NOS
PERTINET, ET NESCIRE MALUM EST, AGITAMUS. ----
HOR,

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. BALDWIN, at the *Rose* in *Pater-Noster Row*.
MDCCLVII.

171

CONTENTS



SECOND VOLUME

PAGE

NUMBER

XXXVI. **O** N Dress Fashions in Queen Elizabeth's Days compared with the present. Revolution in the Female Dress. Does the study of the whole Part of the World. Birth and Secret History of

HARVARD UNIVERSITY LAW LIBRARY

Subjects of his Lectures. His Address. Original Letters from the O. A. R. 1850

XXXVII. **P**anegyric on the late Lord Chancellor. Subjects of his Lectures. His Address. Original Letters from the O. A. R. 1850

XXXVIII. **O** n Courtship. Marriages between Persons of Quality not founded on Love. Plan of a Repository for Males and Females, to be disposed of in Marriage to the best Bidder, with a specimen of the Variety of foreign Fashions. Of the Study and History of the Courtship, and other Formalities in

171

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

NUMB.

PAGE

- XXXVI. **O**N DRESS. Fashions in Queen *Elizabeth's* Days compared with the present. Revolutions in the *Female Dress*. *Dress* the Study of the *Male* Part of the World. Birth and Secret History of FASHION. ————— 1
- XXXVII. Panegyric on the *Clare-Market* ORATOR. Subjects of his Lectures. Elegance of his Advertisements. *Original Letter* from the ORATOR to Mr. TOWN. — Letter from *James Wait*, to prove that GENTLEMEN come to the *Robin Hood* Society. 10
- XXXVIII. On COURTSHIP. *Marriages* between Persons of Quality not founded on Love. Plan of a Repository for Males and Females, to be disposed of in Marriage to the Best Bidder; with a Specimen. 17
- XXXIX. On the VANITY of *pompous Funerals*. Of the *Hearse* and *Mourning-Coach*. — Of the *Atchievement*, — and other Formalities in Mourning. ————— 25
- A 2
- XL.

NUMB.	PAGE
XL. Letter, describing two Characters among Gamesters; the DUPE, and the SHARPER.	33
XLI. Letter from Mr. VILLAGE, with the Copy of a Letter from a young Cantab. to his Friend in Town, giving an Account of his Exploits at Newmarket Races. ——— Newmarket considered as a Supplement to the University of Cambridge. ———	40
XLII. STUDY of the English LANGUAGE recommended. Neglect of it owing to the Pride of Men of Learning, and the Affectation of Fine Gentlemen. ———	47
XLIII. Survey of the AUDIENCE at the Play-houses. Behaviour of Persons on the Stage — In the the Boxes — In the Flesh-Market — In the Pit, the Court of Criticism — In the Middle, and Upper Galleries. Distribution of the Theatre into Pit, Box, and Gallery accounted for in the Tale of a Tub. ———	55
XLIV. The FEMALE WORLD made up almost entirely of LADIES. Distribution of them into Married Ladies, — Maiden or Young Ladies — Ladies of Quality — Fine Ladies — and Ladies of Pleasure. ———	63
XLV. On NEWS-PAPERS. Their Articles of News. Subjects of their Advertisements. Intrigues carried on by them. Want of NEWS-PAPERS among the Ancients regretted. Specimen of curious Advertisements in the Daily Papers. ———	70



CONTENTS

NUMB.	PAGE
XLVI. Letter from a Country Gentleman, concerning the Practice of FACE-PAINTING among the LADIES in TOWN. ————	28
XLVII. On Macklin's BRITISH INQUISITION. Speech on the Question, — <i>Whether the Stage might not be made more conducive to Virtue?</i> ————	85
XLVIII. ON CHRISTMAS. Celebration of it in Town and Country. ON CHRISTMAS BOXES. This Season disagreeable to Persons of Fashion. ————	93
XLIX. Letter containing a Scheme for a FEMALE PARLIAMENT. — Usefulness of it, and Objections against it. — Account of the Covent-Garden SOCIETY, consisting of certain Good-natured Females, divided into LADIES and COMMONS. ————	101
L. ON SUICIDE. Account of the Last Guinea Club. Assembly at White's, a Kind of Last Guinea Club. Different Ways of SUICIDE between vulgar Persons and Persons of Fashion. Punishments for SUICIDES proposed. Frequency of SELF-MURDERS in England falsely imputed to the Climate. Despair, brought on by Extravagance and Debauchery, a Cause of SUICIDE. — Free-thinking another. — Specimen of a Bill of SUICIDE after the Manner of, but distinct from, the common Bills of Mortality. ————	109

- LI. On KEPT MISTRESSES and KEEPERS. XLI
 Character of an *Hen-pecked Keeper* — of a XLI
 Keeper, a *Married Man* — of a Keeper, an
Old Man. Shifts of Persons in *middling* or XLI
low Life, who take Girls into Keeping. 119
- LII. Two Letters, — from a *PRETTY Miss* in
BREECHES — and from a *BLOODY* in
PETTICOATS. 125
- LIII. ON DRAM-DRINKING. *Rich Cordials* (how-
 ever recommended by their specious fo-
 reign Names) no less pernicious than
Common Gin. Letter from an *Husband*,
 complaining of his *Wife*, who has taken
 to *Drinking* by Way of *Medicine*. 137
- LIV. ON FROLICKS. Instances among the *Bucks*,
 &c. — and among the *Ladies*. 144
- LV. On a New SECT among the *Ladies*, called
EVILTES. 152
- LVI. ON SUPERSTITIONS in LOVE. Letter from
 a *Country Girl*, enumerating the several
 Tricks which she had tried, in order to
 know who was to be her *Husband*. 160
- LVII. On the Import and Extent of the Phrase,
GOOD COMPANY. 167
- LVIII. Proposal for PRESSING all the *useless* and *de-*
trimental Members of the Community,
 such as — *Country Squires* — *Town Squires* —
Bloods — *Duellists* — *Fortune-Hunters* —
Gamesters — and *Free-thinkers*. 175

CONTENTS.

vii

NUMB.	PAGE
LIX. SUPERSTITIONS observed in the COUNTRY.	183
LX. Proposal to erect a SCHOOL for WHIST for the INSTRUCTION of YOUNG LADIES.	190
LXI. ON SECTARIES and ENTHUSIASTS. SECTA founded by the lowest Mechanics. His- tory of RELIGION, SUPERSTITION, and ATHEISM.	197
LXII. Debates in the FEMALE PARLIAMENT, in the Committee of Religion. Speech of Miss Grawgair, setting forth that the Female Dress inclined to Popery. Resolutions pro- posed to prevent it. Debates upon them.	205
LXIII. ON RACE-HORSES. Panegyric on WHITE- NOSE. Pedigrees of RACE-HORSES care- fully preserved. Praises of the JOCKEY. Proposed to preserve his Breed. GENEAL- OGY of a JOCKEY.	213
LXIV. PETITION of the DOGS, a Dream. Speeches of a Greyhound, a Pointer, a Lap-dog, and others.	221
LXV. Letter, remonstrating against the Use of PAINT among the MEN.—Description of a MALE TOILET. Characters of JOHN HARDMAN, and Mr. JESSAMY.	228
LXVI. ON MASQUERADES. Fantastic Dresses there. Plan for a NAKED MASQUERADE.	236
LXVII. ON IMITATION. Our present Writers only Copiers of others. VERSES ON IMITATION.	243

LXVIII;

LXVIII. On the Public GARDENS. *Dearness* of the
Provisions there. Description and Con-
 versation of a *Citizen*, with his Wife and
 two Daughters, at *Vaux-Hall*. ——— 250

LXIX. FEMALE POETS RIDING PEGASUS, a Vision. 261

LXX. Letters—from an AUTHOR to Mr. TOWN,
 with a Proffer of his Assistance—from
 another AUTHOR, complaining of the
 Custom of *giving Money to Servants*——
 from a *Methodist Teacher*—Letter, on the
 wonderful Increase in the Order of
 GENTLEMEN. ——— 268





THE
CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. T O W N,
CRITIC and CENSOR-GENERAL.

NUMB. XXXVI. *Thursday, October 3, 1754.*

Non sic incerto mutantur flamine Syrtēs,
Nec folia hyberno jam tremefacta Noto.

PROPERT.

*Our Drefs, ſtill varying, nor to forms confin'd,
Shifts like the ſands, the ſport of ev'ry wind.*

I HAVE ſomewhere ſeen a picture, re-
preſenting a man and woman of every
nation in the world, dreſt according
to the mode of their reſpective coun-
tries. I could not help reflecting at the time,
that the faſhions, which prevail in *England* for
VOL. II. B the

the space of a century, would enable any of our painters to fill a piece with as great a variety of habits; and that an *Englishman* or *Englishwoman*, in one part of it, would be no more like an *Englishman* or *Englishwoman* in the other, than a *Frenchman* resembles a *Chinese*. Very extraordinary revolutions have already happened in the habits of this kingdom; and as dress is subject to unaccountable changes, posterity may perhaps see without surprise our ladies strut about in breeches, while our men waddle in hoop-petticoats.

IN the days of queen *Elizabeth*, it was the fashion for the ladies to conceal and wrap up as much of their bodies as they could: Their necks were encompassed with a broad ruff, which likewise spread itself over their bosoms; and their sleeves were continued down and fastened close to their wrists, while only their feet were allowed just to peep from beneath the modest fardingale; so that nothing was exposed to the impertinent eye of man but their faces. Our modern ladies have run into the contrary extreme, and appear like so many rope-dancers: They have discarded as much of their cloaths as with any tolerable decency can be thrown off, and may be said (like the *Indian*) to be all face: the
neck



N^o. 36. *The* CONNOISSEUR. 3

neck and bosom are laid bare, and disentangled from the invidious veil of an handkerchief ; the stays are sunk half way down the waist, and the petticoat has risen in the same proportion from the ancle. Nor is the lover only captivated by the naked charms, which meet his sight before ; but our ladies, like the *Parthians*, have also learned the art of wounding from behind, and attract our attention no less by laying their shoulders open to the view ; which (as a young physician of my acquaintance once observed) makes them look, as if they were prepared to receive a blister. A Naked Lady is no longer the admiration only of a masquerade : every public assembly will furnish us with *Iphigenias* undrest for the sacrifice ; and if the next summer should happen to be an hot one, our ladies will perhaps improve on the thin vesture of the *Spartan* virgins, and appear abroad in nothing but a gauze shade and lawn petticoat. If the men should take the hint from the other sex, and begin to strip in their turn, I tremble to think what may be the consequence : for, if they go on in proportion with the women, we may soon expect to see our fine gentlemen, like the *Highlanders*, without breeches.

IT would be endless to trace the strange revolutions, that have happened in every part of the female dress within these few years. The hoop has been known to expand and contract itself from the size of a butter-churn to the circumference of three hogheads: at one time it was sloped from the waist in a pyramidical form; at another it was bent upwards like an inverted bow, by which the two angles, when squeezed up on each side, came in contact with the ears. At present it is nearly of an oval form, and scarce measures from end to end above twice the length of the wearer. The hoop has, indeed, lost much of it's credit in the female world, and has suffered much from the innovation of short sacks and negligées; which, it must be confessed, are equally becoming to the lady of pleasure and the lady of quality: for as the men will agree, that next to no cloaths at all nothing is more ravishing than an easy dishabille, our ladies for that reason perhaps come into public places, as if they were just got out of bed, or as if they were ready to go into it. This, while it is the fashion, must be agreeable; but I must own, that I could sooner approve of their encircling themselves in so many ells of whalebone, than to see them affect to appear with their cloaths huddled on so loosely and indecently. This manner of
dressing,

dressings, or rather not dressings, was brought from *Paris*: but I would have my fair readers consider, that as this loose method of dress is calculated to hide any defects in the body, it is very impolitic to suffer all that symmetry and elegant turn of shape they are mistresses of, to be smothered under it; since these habits can be of no more service to their persons, than paint (that other *Paris* commodity) can add to the natural red and white of their complexion, though perhaps it may heighten the fallow visages of the *French*.

BUT of all the branches of female dress, no one has undergone more alterations than that of the head. The long lappets, the horse-shoe cap, the *Brussels* head, and the prudish mob pinned under the chin, have all of them had their day. The present mode has rooted out all these superfluous excrescencies, and in the room of a slip of cambric or lace has planted a whimsical sprig of spangles or artificial flowrets. We may remember, when for a while the hair was tortured into ringlets behind: at present it is braided into a *queue*, (like those formerly worn by the men, and still retaining the original name of *Ramillies*) which, if it were not reverted upwards, would make us imagine, that our fine ladies were afflicted with the *Plica Polonica*.

IF the caps have passed through many metamorphoses, no less a change has been brought about in the other coverings contrived for the head. The diminutive high-crowned hat, the bonnet, the hive, and the milkmaid's chip hat, were rescued for a time from old women and servant girls, to adorn heads of the first fashion. Nor was the method of cocking hats less fluctuating, 'till they were at length settled to the present mode; by which it is ordered, that every hat, whether of straw or silk, whether of the chambermaid or mistress, must have their flaps turned up perpendicularly both before and behind. If the end of a fine lady's dress was not rather ornamental than useful, we should think it a little odd, that hats, which seem naturally intended to screen their faces from the heat or severity of the weather, should be moulded into a shape, that prevents their answering either of these purposes: but we must, indeed, allow it to be highly ornamental, as the present hats worn by the women are more bold and impudent than the broad-brimmed staring *Kevenhullers* worn a few years ago by the men. These hats are also decorated with two waving pendants of ribband, hanging down from the brim on the left side. I am not so much offended at the flaming air, which these streamers carry with them,

as I am afraid lest it should spoil the charming eyes of my pretty country-women, which are constantly provoked to cast a glance at them; and I have myself often observed an obliging ogle or ravishing leer intercepted by these mediums; so that, when a lady has intended to charm her lover, she has shocked him with an hideous squint.

THE ladies have long been severely rallied on their too great attention to finery: but, to own the truth, dress seems at present to be as much the study of the male part of the world as the female. We have gentlemen, who “will lay a whole night (as *Benedick* says) carving the fashion of a new doublet.” They have their toilettes too, as well as the ladies, set out with washes, perfumes and cosmetics; and will spend the whole morning in scenting their linnen, dressing their hair, and arching their eyebrows. Their heads (as well as the ladies) have undergone various mutations, and have worn as many different kinds of wigs, as the block at their barber’s. About fifty years ago they buried their heads in a bush of hair; and the beaux (as *Swift* says “lay hid beneath the penthouse of a full-botomed periwig.” But as they then shewed nothing but the nose, mouth and eyes, the fine

gentlemen of our time not only oblige us with their full faces, but have drawn back the side curls quite to the tip of the ear.

As *France* appears to be the wardrobe of the world, I shall conclude my paper with a piece of secret history, which gives us some insight into the origin of deriving all our fashions from thence.——The celebrated lord *Foppington*, among his other amours, had once an intrigue with a milliner of *Covent-Garden*, who after some time brought a lovely girl into the world, and called her after his lordship's surname, *FASHION*. The milliner brought up the child in her own house 'till the age of fifteen, at which time she grew very pressing with lord *Foppington* to make some provision for his daughter. My lord, who was never much pleased with this consequence of his amours, that he might be rid of the girl for ever, put her into the hands of a friend, who was going abroad, to place her in a nunnery: but the girl, who had very little of the vestal in her disposition, contrived to escape from her conductor, and flew to *Paris*. There her beauty and sprightliness soon procured her many friends; and she opened a genteel shop in her mother's business. She soon made herself remarkable for contriving the most elegant head-dresses, and
cutting

Nº. 36. *The* CONNOISSEUR. 9

cutting out ruffles with the most ravishing slope : her fancy was besides so inexhaustible, that she almost every day produced a great variety of new and beautiful patterns. She had many adorers, and at last married his Most Christian Majesty's taylor. This alliance brought the dress of all *Paris* under their jurisdiction ; and the young lady, out of a natural love to her native country, proposed the extending their care to the fine gentlemen and ladies of *London*. In persuance of this, *Monsieur* her husband, two or three times in the year, transmits a suit of cloaths entirely à la *Paris* as a Pattern to *Messieurs Regnier* and *Lynch* of *Leicester-Fields* and *Pall-Mall*, while his wife sends over a little wooden *Mademoiselle* to her relations in *Tavistock-Street*.

T

NUMB. XXXVII. *Thursday, October 10, 1754.*

— — — Eja! sudabis fatis,
 Si cum illo incæptas homine: ea eloquentia est!
TER.

*By my troth you will sweat for it, if you once begin
 with this man: he has such amazing eloquence!*

A CORRESPONDENT writes to me, that after having considered the Art of Speaking in the Theatre, as also celebrated the practice of it in the *Robin Hood* Society, my remarks will not be complete, except I take notice of the extraordinary eloquence of the *Clare-Market* Orator. He desires me to remember, that this Universal Genius has from time to time declared from his Rostrum with a thundering elocution,—“ that
 “ there is but one Orator in the world, and He
 “ is the man—that Sir *Robert Walpole*, and all
 “ the great men in the kingdom, have been His
 “ scholars—and that Bishops have come to His
 “ Oratory to learn to preach.”

I HAVE, indeed, observed with a good deal of concern, that the Orator has of late discontinued to oblige the public with his Sunday evening lectures

lectures as usual. Instead of seeing his Oratory-Chapel shut up, I was in hopes, that every parish church in the kingdom would be opened on the same principles. How much more salutary were his tenets, setting forth the sufficiency of reason, than the cold doctrine of our clergy preaching up the necessity of faith! how superior was his form of prayer to our whole liturgy, and how much better adapted to particular occasions!—"A Prayer for a sinking bridge!—Prayer for the White Rose!—Prayer for *Jackson's Journal*! —Prayer for the heads on *Temple-Bar*!"—— In these pious addresses he would first invoke the the Supreme Being in the most solemn manner; then suddenly slide into the familiar, and pray,— "that we might not hear the croaking of *Dutch Nightingales* in the king's chambers;—or on another occasion, "that our clergy might not study *Shakespeare* more than the Gospel, "and that they might be rather employed on the Evangelists, than *As you like it*, or *Much ado about nothing*."

I CANNOT but likewise lament the loss of the entertainment, which his Advertisements used to give us every Saturday in the news-papers. The terms in which they were commonly expressed were clear and elegant, and furnished the reader

with an admirable idea of the Doctor's manner from the pulpit. For instance, when he told you his text was from *Isaiah*, and quoted these words "—*Strt! 10 Fun! No Hnr! Down with the Rmp!*—we might form a tolerable judgment of the great reverence he paid the Bible; and when he called his Assembly—" *The ORATORY—P. Charles's Chapel*"—we might guess at his loyalty and patriotism. These were the advantages, which we derived from his Chapel; and if the Oratory remains shut, I shall begin to fear, that things will continue in their present shocking state; and that the Scheme lately proposed in one of my papers *for abolishing Christianity* will not take effect; at which I am more particularly concerned, as it will hinder the advancement of this great man. For, if such a revolution should happen in the church, the Orator's principles would be found so entirely fundamental, that he would probably then hold some honourable station, equal to our present Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

THE public for these reasons will doubtless join with me in a petition, that this illustrious Divine would again resume his station in the pulpit: at least I could wish, that some able Theologist, who has been long practised in deciding

ciding on the most abstruse points of religion in the *Robin Hood* Society, may be deputed, in the absence of the Orator, to officiate as his curate. I would also recommend it to the members of the abovementioned Society to attend these lectures regularly; whence they may gather stronger arguments for their disputations, than from reading *Collins, Chubb, Tindal, Bolingbroke*, or any other orthodox Free-thinker whatever. Upon the whole I cannot conclude without observing, that such is the ingratitude of the age, that the singular merits of our Orator are not sufficiently regarded. He is, indeed, deservedly caressed by the Butchers of *Clare-Market*: but had our Orator been born at *Athens* or *Rome*, he would certainly have been deified as the God of Butchers, have been worshipped like *Osiris* under the figure of a Calf, or have had a statue erected to him in the *Forum* or *Market-place* among the Shambles..

THUS much I thought myself bound to say in praise of the Orator and Oratory; as he has some time ago done me the honour of a letter, which I am very glad of this opportunity to communicate to my readers. The private epistles of *Tully* are very unequal to his orations: but the following letter is in the very stile and spirit of our Orator's animated discourses from the pulpit. I shall therefore present it to the public exactly

as I received it, (the emphatical words being distinguished in strict conformity to the original manuscript) without presuming to alter or suppress the least syllable.

To Mr. BALDWIN and Mr. TOWN.

1754 July 26.

THE Liberty of the Press, as you practise it, and your author, Mr. Town, (i. e. Mr. No-body, for he dares not publish his Name, and abode, nor confront one he abuses,) is the Greatest of Grievances; it is the Liberty of Lying and of Slandering, and destroying Reputations, to make your Paper sell; Reputation is dearer than Life, and your and your Scribbler's BLOOD should answer your Scandal:—You have published the *Scoundrel's Dictionary*, put *his Name* and *your own* into it; He and you have often bespattered the *Orator and Oratory* in Claremarket—the Oratory is NOT in Claremarket, which is in a different Parish; So that, You and He LYE: * and Butchers are [*seldom* blotted out]

* This reminds me of a similar defence made by *Ward* the doggel-writer, whose genius for poetry was exactly of a piece with that of our Orator for prose compositions. *Jacob*, in his Account of *Ward*, happened to say, that “of late years he had kept a “public house in the city.” This Mr. *Ward* highly resented; and in a book, called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared it to be a LYE, protesting, “that his public house was NOT in the City, but in “*Moor-Fields*,”

never

never there;—You both LYE too in saying, that it is calculated (INTENDED) for Atheism and Infidelity,——its Religion is——the ‘ Obligation of Man to resemble the Attributes of God to his power, by the practice of Universal Right Reason; believing Christianity of Christ call’d Reason the wisdom of God.—This is the Reverse of Atheism and Infidelity——and Blasphemy.——

THE writer of the following, who signs himself a Member of the *Robin Hood* Society, threatens me, that in case I do not print his letter immediately, the Question “ Whether Mr. TOWN be “ a greater fool or a scoundrel,” shall be debated at their next meeting.

To Mr. T O W N.

S I R,

I WOULD have you to know, that the person as sent you the account of our Club did not do right. He represents us all as a pack of tradesmen and mechanics, and would have you think as how there are no gentlemen among us. But that is not the case: I am a gentleman, and we have a great many topping people besides. Though Mr. President is but a baker, and we have a shoemaker, and some other handicraftsmen, that come to talk; yet I can assure you they know as much of

of religion and the good of their country, (and other such matters,) as any of we gentlemen. But, as I said, we have a good many topping folks besides myself: for there is not a night, but we have several young lawyers and counsellors, and doctors, and surgeons, and captains, and poets, and players, and a great many Irishmen and Scotchmen (very fine speakers) who follow no business; besides several foreigners, who are all of them great men in their own country. And we have one squire, who lives at t'other end of the town, and always comes in his chariot.

AND so as I said, we have a good many tip-top people, as can talk as well as any of your play-folks or parsons: and as for my part every body knows that I am a lord's gentleman, and never was the man that wore a livery in my life. I have been of the Club more or less off and on for these six years, and never let a question pass me, Mr. President knows it: and though I say it that should not say it, I can talk (and so can any of our Club) as well as the best of you poets can write. And so as I said, I expect you will put it in your paper, that we have a great many gentlemen in our Club besides myself.

Your humble servant,

T

JAMES WAIT.

NUMB. XXXVIII. *Thursday, October 17, 1754.*

— Equos ut qui mercantur. — HOR.

*To have and hold for better or for worse,
We buy a wife, just as we buy an horse.*

A T a certain coffee-house near the *Temple* the bar is kept by a pretty coquet ; a piece of furniture almost as necessary for a coffee-room in that situation as the new-papers. This lady, you may be sure, has many admirers, who are now and then glad of an opportunity to relieve themselves from the severe study of the law by a soft conversation with this fair one, and repeating on the occasion all the tender things they can remember from plays, or whatever else *Orgeat* or *Capillaire* can inspire. Among the many pretenders to her favour there is one faithful swain, who has long entertained a serious passion for her. This tender-hearted gentleman, who is grown so lean with living upon love, that one would imagine “ the blasts of *January* would “ blow him through and through,” comes every evening, and sits whole hours by the bar, gazing at his mistress, and taking in large draughts of love and hyson tea. Never was swain in such
cruel

cruel circumstances. He is forced to bear with patience all the haughty insolence of this goddess of bread and butter ; who, as she knows him in her power, keeps him at a distance, though she behaves with the perfect familiarity to the other coxcombs, who are continually buzzing about her. At eleven he sneaks off pale and discontented ; but cannot forbear coming again the next evening, though he knows how vilely he shall be used by his mistress, and that he is laughed at even by the waiters.

IF all true lovers were obliged, like this unhappy gentleman, to carry on their courtships in public, we should be witness to many scenes equally ridiculous. Their awkward desire of pleasing influences every trivial gesture ; and when once love has got possession of a man's heart, it shews itself down to the tips of his fingers. The conversation of a languishing *inamorato* is made up chiefly of dumb signs, such as sighs, ogles, or glances : but if he offers to break his passion to his mistress, there is such a stammering, faltering, and half-wording the matter, that the language of love, so much talked of by poets, is in truth no language at all. Whoever should break in upon a gentleman and lady, while so critical a conversation is going forward, would

would not forbear laughing at such an extraordinary *tête à tête*, and would perhaps cry out with *Ranger*, that “ nothing looks so silly as a pair
“ of your true lovers.”

SINCE true and sincere love is sure to make it's votaries thus ridiculous, we cannot sufficiently commend our present people of quality, who have made such laudable attempts to deliver themselves and posterity from it's bondage. In a fashionable wedding the man or woman are neither of them considered as reasonable creatures, who come together in order to “ comfort, love, “ cherish, honour or obey,” according to their respective duties, but are regarded merely as instruments of joining one estate to another. Acre marries acre; and to increase and multiply their fortunes, is in genteel matches the chief consideration of man and wife. The courtship is carried on by the council of each party; and they pay their addresses by billet-doux upon parchment. The great convenience of expelling love from matrimony is very evident: Married persons of quality are never troubled with each others company abroad, or fatigued with dull matrimonial discourses at home: My lord keeps his girl, my lady has her gallant; and they both enjoy all the fashionable privilege of
wedlock

wedlock without the inconveniences. This would never be the case, if there was the least spark of love subsisting between them; but they must be reduced to the same situation with those wretches, who (as they have nothing to settle on each other but themselves) are obliged to make up the deficiencies of fortune by affection. But while these miserable, fond, doating, unfashionable couples are obliged to content themselves with love and a cottage, people of quality enjoy the comforts of indifference and a coach and six.

THE late Marriage Act is excellently adapted to promote this prudential proceeding with respect to wedlock. It will in time inevitably abolish the old system of founding matrimony on affection; and marrying for love will be given up for the sake of marrying according to Act of Parliament. There is now no danger of an handsome worthy young fellow of small fortune running away with an heiress; for it is not sufficient to insinuate himself into the lady's favour by a voluble tongue and a good person, unless he can also subdue the considerate parents or guardians by the merits of his rent-roll. As this act promotes the method of disposing of children by way of bargain and sale, it consequently puts an end to that ridiculous courtship, arising from simple love.

love. In order therefore to confirm (as far as possible) the happy consequences of this Act, I have been long endeavouring to hit on some expedient, by which all the circumstances preparatory to wedlock may be carried on in a proper manner. A *Smithfield* bargain being so common in metaphor, I had once some thoughts of proposing to realize it, and had almost completed a plan, by which all the young persons (like servant girls at a statute-fair in the country) were to be brought to market, and disposed of in one part of *Smithfield*, while the sheep and horses were on sale in another.

IN the midst of these serious considerations, I received a scheme of this nature from my good friend Mr. KEITH, whose chapel the late Marriage Act has rendered useless on it's original principles. This reverend gentleman, seeing that all husbands and wives are henceforward to be put up to sale, proposes shortly to open his chapel on a more new and fashionable plan. As the ingenious Messieurs *Henson* and *Bever* have lately opened in different quarters of the town Repositories for all horses to be sold by auction; Mr. KEITH intends setting up a Repository for all young males and females to be disposed of in marriage. From these studs (as the Doctor himself expresses

expresſes it) a lady of beauty may be coupled to a man of fortune, and an old gentleman, who has a colt's tooth remaining, may match himſelf with a tight young filly.

THE Doctor makes no doubt, but his Chapel will turn out even more to his advantage on this new plan than on it's firſt inſtitution, provided he can ſecure his ſcheme to himſelf, and reap the benefits of it without interlopers from the *Fleet*. To prevent his deſign being pirated, he intends petitioning the parliament, that as he has been ſo great a ſufferer by the Marriage Act, the ſole right of opening a Repository of this ſort may be veſted in him, and that his place of reſidence in *May-Fair* may ſtill continue the grand mart for marriages. Of the firſt day of ſale proper notice will be given in the public papers; and in the mean time I am deſired to communicate the following ſpecimen of his ſtock to my readers.

CATALOGUE of MALES and FEMALES, to be diſpoſed of in Marriage to the Beſt Bidder, at Mr. KEITH's Repository in May-Fair.

A LADY of Quality, very high blood; related by the mother's ſide to a peer of *France*; her Dam came from one of the oldeſt families in *Wales*, and her great great great Grandfire was brought

N^o. 38. *The* CONNOISSEUR. 23

brought over with *William* the Conqueror. Fit to go in a coach and fix, and proper for any rich tradesman, who is desirous to mend the breed. Her lowest price to prevent trouble is 500*l.* per ann. pin-money, and a proportionable jointure.

A Young Lady of 100,000*l.* fortune—to be bid for by none under the degree of peers, or a commoner of at least treble the income.

An Homely Thing that can read, write, cast accounts, and make an excellent pudding.—— This lot to be bid for by none but shop-keepers or country parsons.

Three Maiden Ladies—Aged—to be bid for by none but stout young fellows of six foot, sound wind and limb, and without blemish.

Four Widows, young and rich—to be bid for by none but things of mettle and high blood.

The Daughter of a Country Squire—the father of this Lady came to town to sell a yoke of oxen at *Smithfield*, and a load of hay in the *Hay-Market*. Whoever buys them shall have the Lady into the bargain.

A Methodist Lady, Relict of a Knight deceased within this twelvemonth—would be a good bargain to any handsome young gentleman, who would comfort her in the Spirit.

A very

A very pretty Young Woman, but a good deal in debt—would be glad to marry a Member of Parliament, or a Jew.

An handsome Housekeeper, just come out of the country—would do for any private gentleman. She has been used to go in an one-horse-chair, and is fit for a citizen's service on a Sunday.

A tall *Irishman*, warranted sound, lately in the possession of a Lady Dowager. The reason of his being sold, is that the owner (who is married) has no further use for him.

A Blood of the first rate, very wild, and has run loose all his life, but is now *broke*, and will prove very tractable.

An Hackney Writer, troubled with the farcy, broken-winded, and very poor——would be glad to be released from his present master, a book-seller, and bear the less grievous yoke of matrimony. Whoever will take him into feeding, shall have his *Pegasus* into the bargain.

A Young Ward, now in training at *Eton* school.—The guardian is willing to part with him to any lady for a round sum of money.—If not sold, he will be sent into the country, and matched with his guardian's daughter.

Five

Five Templars—all Irish—No one to bid for these lots of less than 10,000*l.* fortune.

Wanted—four dozen of Young Fellows, and one dozen of Young Women willing to marry to advantage—to go to *Nova Scotia*.

W

NUMB. XXXIX. *Thursday, October 24, 1754.*

———— Sepulchri
Mitte supervacuus honores. HOR.

These but the trappings and the signs of woe.

SHAKESPEARE.

AS I was passing the other night through a narrow little lane in the skirts of the city, I was stopped by a grand procession of an hearse and three mourning-coaches drawn by six horses, accompanied with a great number of flambeaus and attendants in black. I naturally concluded, that all this parade was employed to pay the last honours to some eminent person, whose consequence in life required, that his ashes should receive all the respect, which his friends and relations could pay them: But I could not help smiling, when upon enquiry I was told, that the corpse (on whom all this expence had been lavished) was no other than *Tom Taster* the cheese-

VOL. II.

C

monger,

monger, who had lain in state all the week at his house in *Thames-street*, and was going to be deposited with his ancestors in *White-Chapel* burying-ground. This illustrious personage was the son of a butcher in *White-Chapel*, and died, indeed, but in indifferent circumstances: his widow, however, for the honour of *her* family, was resolved at all events to BURY HIM HANDSOMELY.

I HAVE already taken notice of that ridiculous affectation among the middling sort of people, which induces them to make a figure beyond their circumstances: Nor is this vanity less absurd, which extends to the dust, and by which the dead are made accessory to robbing the living. I have frequently known a greater sum expended at the funeral of a tradesman, than would have kept his whole family for a twelvemonth; and it has more than once happened, that the next heir has been flung into goal, for not being able to pay the undertaker's bill.

THIS absurd notion of being HANDSOMELY BURIED has given rise to the most contradictory customs, that could possibly be contrived for the advantage of death-hunters. As funerals are at present conducted, all distinction is lost among us; and there is no more difference between the duke

duke and the dancing-master in the manner of their burial, than is to be found between their dust in the grave. It is easy to account for the introduction of the hearse and mourning-coach in our funeral ceremonies; though their propriety is entirely destroyed by the promiscuous use of them. Our ancient and noble families may be supposed to have particular family-vaults near their mansion-houses in the country, and in which their progenitors have been deposited for ages. It is therefore very natural, that persons of distinction, who had been used to be conveyed to their country-seats by a set of horses, should be also transported to their graves by the same number; and be attended with the same magnificence at their deaths, which they had been accustomed to in their lives. But the spirit of affecting the manners of the great has made the lowest plebeians vie with people of quality in the pomp of their burials: A tradesman, who has trudged on foot all his life, shall be carried after death, scarce an hundred yards from his house, with the equipage and retinue of a lord; and the plodding cit, whose ambition never soared beyond the occasional one-horse-chair, must be dragged to his long home by six horses. Such an ill-timed ostentation of grandeur appears to me no less ridiculous than the vanity of the highwayman, who sold

his body to the surgeons, that he might hire a mourning-coach, and go to the gallows like a gentleman.

THERE is another custom, which was doubtless first introduced by the great, but has been since adopted by others, who have not the least title to it. The herald's office was originally instituted for the distinction and preservation of gentility; and nobody is allowed to bear a coat of arms unless it is peculiarly appropriated to the family, and the bearer himself is entitled to that honourable badge. From this consideration we may account for the practice of hanging the hearse round with escutcheons, on which the arms of the deceased were blazoned, and which served to denote whose ashes it conveyed. For the same purpose, an atchievement was afterwards fixed over the door of the late habitation of the deceased. This ensign of death may fairly be indulged, where the persons are ennobled by their birth or station, and where it serves to remind the passer-by of any great or good actions performed by the deceased, or to inspire the living with an emulation of their virtues. But why, forsooth, cannot an obscure or insignificant creature go out of the world, without advertising it by the atchievement? For my part, I generally consider it as a bill on an empty house, which serves the widow to acquaint us, that the former tenant

tenant is gone, and that another occupier is wanted in his room. Many families have, indeed, been very much perplexed in making out their right to this mark of gentility, and great profit has arisen to the herald's office by the purchase of arms for this purpose. Many a worthy tradesman of plebeian extraction has been made a gentleman after his decease by the courtesy of his undertaker; and I once knew a keeper of a tavern, who not being able to give any account of his wife's genealogy, put up his sign, the *King's Arms*, for an atchievement at her death.

It was the custom, in the time of the plague, to fix a mark on those houses, in which any one had died. This probably may have given rise to the general fashion of hanging up an atchievement. However this be, it is now designed as a polite token, that a death has happened in the family; and might reasonably be understood as a warning to keep people from intruding on their grief. No such thing is, indeed, intended by it: I am therefore of opinion, that it ought every where to be taken down after the first week. Whatever outward signs of mourning may be preserved, no regard is ever paid to them within: the same visitings, the same card-playings, are carried on as before; and so little respect is shewn to the

achievement, that if it happens (as it often does) to intersect one of the windows in the grand apartment, it is occasionally removed, whenever the lady dowager gives a grand entertainment.

THIS naturally leads me to consider how much "the customary suits of solemn black," and the other "trappings and signs of woe," are become a mere farce and matter of form only. When a person of distinction goes out of the world, not only the relations, but the whole household, must be cloathed in sable. The kitchen-wench scours her dishes in crape, and the helper in the stables rubs down his horses in black leathern breeches. Every thing must put on a dismal appearance: even the coach must be covered and lined with black. This last particular, it is reasonable to imagine, is intended (like a death's head on the toilet) to put the owner constantly in mind, that the pomp of the world and all gay pursuits are but vain and perishable. Yet what is more common, than for these vehicles to wait at the doors of the theatres, the opera-house, and other public places of diversion? Those, who are carried in them, are as little affected by their dismal appearance, as the horses that draw them; and I once saw with great surprise an harlequin, a scaramouch, a shepherdess,

herdels, and a black fattin devil, get into a mourning-coach to go to a jubile masquerade.

IF I should not be thought to lay too much stress on the lesser formalities observed in mourning, I might mention the admirable method of qualifying the melancholy hue of the mourning-ring, by enlivening it with the brilliancy of a diamond. I knew a young lady, who wore on the same finger a ring set round with death's heads and cross marrow-bones, for the loss of her father, and another prettily embellished with burning hearts pierced through with darts, in respect to her lover. But what I most of all admire is the ingenious contrivance, by which persons spread the tidings of the death of their relations to the most distant parts, by means of black-edged paper and black sealing wax. If it were possible to inspect the several letters that bear about them these external tokens of grief, I believe we should hardly ever find the contents of the same gloomy complexion: a merry tale, or an amorous *billet-doux*, would be much oftener found to be conveyed under these dismal passports, than doleful lamentations or reflections on mortality: and, indeed, these mock signs of woe are so little attended to, that a person opens one of these letters with no more concern, than is felt by the postman who brings it.

WE cannot suppose, that black-edged paper was ever intended to be defiled by vulgar hands, but was contrived, like gilt paper, for the use of the polite world only. But alas! we must always be aping the manners of our betters. My agent sends me letters about business upon gilt paper; and a stationer near the *'Change* tells me, that he not only sells a great quantity of mourning paper to the citizens, but that he has lately blacked the edges of the shop-books for several tradesmen. My readers must have seen an elegant kind of paper, imported from *France*, for the use of our fine ladies and gentlemen. An acquaintance of mine has contrived a new sort of mourning paper on the same plan: and as the margin of the other is prettily adorned with flowers, true lovers knots, little *Cupids*, and amorous posies, in red ink; he intends, that the margin of his paper shall be dismally stamped in black ink with the figures of tomb-stones, hour-glasses, bones, skulls, and other emblems of death, to be used by persons of quality, when in mourning.

T

NUMB.

NUMB. XL. *Thursday, October 31, 1754.*

Periculosa plenum opus aleæ. HOR.

*Curst is the wretch, enslav'd to such a vice,
Who ventures life and soul upon the dice.*

To Mr. T O W N.

S I R,

YOUR frequent ridicule of the several branches of Gaming has given me great pleasure: I could only wish, that you had completed the design by drawing at large the portrait of a gamester. This, since you omitted it, I have ventured to undertake; and while your papers on this subject serve as a counter-treatise to that of *Hoyle* on Whist, Hazard, &c. my rough draught of the professors of these arts may tend to illustrate the work, and stand as properly in the frontispiece, as the Knave of Clubs at the door of a cardmaker.

THE whole tribe of Gamesters may be ranked under two divisions: Every man, who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a Dupe or a Sharper; two characters,
C 5 equally

34 *The CONNOISSEUR.* N^o. 40.

equally the objects of envy and admiration. The Dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects,

“ Who will as tenderly be led by th’ nose,

“ As asses are.”

SHAKESPEARE.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards or dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than, among a set of hard drinkers, he would object drinking his glass in turn, because he is not dry.

THERE are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been Dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven’s the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains, more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps, when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoils of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

HERE

HERE we may take a survey of the character of a Sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellencies. You will perhaps be startled, Mr. TOWN, when I mention the excellencies of a Sharper; but a Gamester, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a Stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands; and is not to be discomposed, though ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability; he must be submissive, but not servile; he must be master of an ingenuous liberal air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

THESE must be the chief accomplishments of our hero: but lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the main spring, that moves the whole machine. Every Gamester is

eaten up with avarice; and when this passion is in full force, it is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust; and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty we look at a fine woman with pleasure: but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five and twenty. A thorough Gamester renounces *Venus* and *Cupid* for *Plutus* and *Ames-ace*, and owns no mistress of his heart except the Queen of Trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a Gamester towards the destruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts serve only to instruct and assist him in the most dextrous method of packing the cards, and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands without emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his own conscience; and his liberal deportment and affected openness is only a specious veil, to recommend and conceal the blackest villainy.

It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen it's vices, let us consider it's miseries. The covetous man, who
has

has not sufficient courage or inclination to encrease his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up his thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror; but the avaricious fears of the Gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask; and like *Monsieur St. Croix*, coadjutor to that famous *empoisonneuse*, *Madame Brinvillier*, if his mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poisons. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago, at *White's*. I am uncertain, whether the wretches are still alive; but if they are, they breath like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

BUT supposing that the Sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what a state of mind must that man be, whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the dissingenuity of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice? What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair; and when he must act the Stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle? How unhappy must he be even in
that

that situation, from which he hopes to reap most benefit;—I mean, amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility? Their lordships are not always in an humour for play: they chuse to laugh; they chuse to joke; in the mean while our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice, to which that set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother *Thicket's* employment, of sauntering on horseback in the wind and rain 'till the *Reading* coach passes through *Smallberry-Green*, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

THE Sharper has also frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever present themselves. The false die cannot be constantly produced, nor the packed cards always placed upon the table. It is then our Gamester is in the greatest danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

OUR

OUR hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, atchieved by his own hand, and with his own pistol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at midnight, and forgotten before sun-rise.

THESE two pourtraits of a Sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to shew different likenesses in the same man, puts me in mind of an old print, which I remember at *Oxford*, of Count *Guiscard*. At first sight he was exhibited in a full-bottom wig, an hat and feather, embroidered cloaths, diamond buttons, and the full court-dress of those days: but by pulling a string, the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count *Guiscard* appeared to be a DEVIL.

I am, S I R,

Your humble servant,

M. N.

NUMB.

 NUMB. XLI. *Thursday, November 7, 1754.*

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
 Multa tulit fecitque puer. ——— HOR.

*Gownsmen with Jockeys hold an equal place,
 Learn'd in the Turf, and Students of the Race.*

Mr. *VILLAGE* to Mr. *TOWN*.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE following letter, occasioned by the late races at *Newmarket*, and written by a fellow-commoner of ——— College, *Cambridge*, to a friend in *London*, fell into my hands by accident. The writer, if we may judge by his stile and manner, is really, according to the modern phrase, a GENIUS. As I look upon his epistle to be a very curious original, I cannot help demanding for it a place in your paper, as well as for the remarks which I have taken the liberty to subjoin to it.

To JOHN WILDFIRE, *Esq;* to be left at Mrs. DOUGLASS's, Covent-Garden, London.

Dear Jack!

October 10, 1754.

I WAS in hopes I should have met you at *Newmarket* races; but to say the truth, if your luck had turned out so bad as mine, you did better

better to stay away. *Dick Riot*, *Tom Lowngeit*, and I went together to *Newmarket*, the first day of the meeting. I was mounted on my little bay mare, that cost me thirty guineas in the North. I never crossed a better tit in my life; and if her eyes stand, as I dare say they will, she will turn out as tight a little thing as any in *England*. Then she is as fleet as the wind. Why, I raced with *Dick* and *Tom* all the way from *Cambridge* to *Newmarket*: *Dick* rode his roan gelding, and *Tom* his chesnut mare, (which, you know, have both speed) but I beat them hollow. I cannot help telling you, that I was dressed in my blue riding-frock with plate-buttons, with a leather belt round my waist, my jemmy turn-down boots made by *Tull*, my brown scratch bob, and my hat with the narrow silver-lace, cocked in the true sporting taste: so that altogether I don't believe there was a more *knowing* figure upon the course. I was very flush too, *Jack*; for *Michaelmas-day* happening damn'd luckily just about the time of the races, I had received fifty guineas for my quarterage. As soon as I came upon the course, I met with some jolly bucks from *London*. I never saw them before; however, we were soon acquainted, and I took up the odds: but I was damnably let in, for I lost thirty pieces flap, the first day. The day or two after, I had no remarkable

markable luck one way or the other; but at last I laid all the cash I had left upon lord *March's Smart*, who lost, you know; but between you and me, I have a great notion *Tom Marshall* rode booty. However, I had a mind to push my luck as far as I could; so I sold my poor little mare for twelve pieces, went to the coffee-house, and left them all behind me at the gaming-table; and I should not have been able to have got back to *Cambridge* that night, if *Bob Whip* of *Trinity* had not taken me up in his *Phaeton*. We have had a round of dinners at our rooms since; and I have been drunk every day to drive away care. However I hope to recruit again soon: *Frank Classic* of *Pembroke* has promised to make me out a long catalogue of *Greek* books; so I will write directly to old *Square-toes*, send him the list, tell him I have taken them up, and draw on him for money to pay the bookseller's bill. Then I shall be rich again, *Jack*; and perhaps you may see me at the *Shakespeare* by the middle of next week; 'till when, I am,

Dear *Jack*, yours,

T. FLAREIT.

I HAVE often lamented the narrow plan of our University Education, and always observe with pleasure any attempts to enlarge and improve it.

In

In this light, I cannot help looking on *Newmarket* as a judicious supplement to the University of *Cambridge*, and would recommend it to the young students to repair duly thither twice a year. By these means they may connect the knowledge of polite life with study, and come from college as deeply versed in the genteel mysteries of Gaming, as in *Greek*, *Latin*, and the Mathematics. Attending these solemnities must, indeed, be of great service to every rank of students. Those, who are intended for the church, have an opportunity of tempering the severity of their character, by an happy mixture of the jockey and clergyman. I have known several, who by uniting these opposite qualifications, and meeting with a patron of their own disposition, have rode themselves into a living in a good sporting country; and I doubt not, if the excursions of gownsmen to *Newmarket* meet with the encouragement they deserve, but we shall shortly see the Beacon Course crowded with ordained sportsmen in short cassocks. As to the fellow-commoners, I do not see how they can pass their time more profitably. The sole intention of their residence at the University is, with most of them, to while away a couple of years, which they cannot conveniently dispose of otherwise. Their rank exempts them from the
common

common drudgery of lectures and exercises; and the Golden Tuft, that adorns their velvet caps, is at once a badge of honour and an apology for ignorance. But as some of these gentlemen, though they never will be scholars, may turn out excellent jockeys, it is but justice to let them carry some kind of knowledge away with them; and as they can never shine as adepts in Sir *Isaac Newton's* philosophy, or critics on *Homer* and *Virgil*, we should suffer them to make a figure as arbiters of the course, and followers of *Aaron* and *Driver*.

I AM the more earnest on this occasion, because I look upon Races as a diversion, peculiarly adapted to an University, and founded upon classical principles. Every author, who has mentioned the Ancient Games, includes the Race, and describes it with great dignity. This Game was always celebrated with great pomp, and all the *people of fashion* of those days were present at it. In the twenty-third *Iliad* in particular, there is not only a dispute at the Race, but a bet proposed in as express terms as at *Newmarket*. The wager offered, indeed, is a goblet, which is not entirely in the manner of our modern sportsmen, who rather chuse to melt down their plate into the current specie, and bring their sideboards to the course in their purses. I am aware
also,

also, that the Races celebrated by the ancients were Chariot-Races: but even in these, our young students of the University have great emulation to excell: There are among them many very good coachmen, who often make excursions in those noble vehicles, with great propriety called *Phaetons*, and drive with as much fury along the road, as the charioteers in the Ancient Game flew towards the goal. In a word, if we have not such noble Odes on this occasion as were produced of old, it is not for want of a *Theron* but a *Pindar*.

THE advices, which I have at several times received of the influence of the Races at *New-market* on the University, give me great pleasure. It has not only improved the behaviour of the students, but enlarged their plan of study. They are now very deeply read in *Bracken's Farriery* and the *Complete Jockey*, know exactly how many stone they weigh, and are pretty competent judges of the odds. I went some time ago to visit a fellow-commoner, and when I arrived at his chambers, found the door open, but my friend was not at home. The room was adorned with *Seymour's* prints of horses neatly framed and glazed; a hat and whip hung on one hook, a pair of boots on another, and on the table lay a formidable

midable Quarto, with the *Sportsman's Calendar* by *Reginald Heber*, Esquire. I had the curiosity to examine the book; and as the college is remarkable for the study of philosophy, I expected to see *Newton's Principia*, or perhaps *Sanderson's Algebra*: but on opening it, this huge volume proved to be a pompous edition of *Gibson's Treatise on the Diseases of Horses*.

THESE indeed are noble studies, will preserve our youth from pedantry, and make them men of the world. Men of genius, who are pleased with the theory of any art, will not be contented 'till they arrive at the practice. I am told, that the young gentlemen often try the speed of the *Cambridge* nags on the Beacon Course, and that several hacks are at present in training. I have often wondered, that the gentlemen, who form the club at *Newmarket*, never reflected on their neighbourhood to *Cambridge*, nor established (in honour of it) an University Plate, to be run for by *Cambridge* hacks rode by young gentlemen of the University. An hint of this kind will certainly be sufficient to have this laudable design put in practice the very next meeting; and I cannot help reflecting on this occasion, what an unspeakable satisfaction it must be to those persons of quality, who are constantly at *Newmarket*, to
see

see their sons cherish the same noble principles with themselves, and act in imitation of their example.

“ Go on, brave youths! ’till, in some future age,
 “ Whips shall become the senatorial badge ;
 “ ’Till *England* see her jockey senators
 “ Meet all at *Westminster* in boots and spurs ;
 “ See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad,
 “ Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad ;
 “ Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
 “ And guide with equal reins a steed and state.”

WARTON’S NEWMARKET.

NUMB. XLII. *Thursday, November 14, 1754.*

— Sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.

HOR.

What energy and grace adorns our tongue !

Sweet as the Grecian, as the Roman strong !

A FRIEND of mine lately gave me an account of a set of gentlemen, who meet together once a week, under the name of the *The ENGLISH CLUB*. The title, with which they dignify their Society, arises from the chief end of their meeting,

ing, which is to cultivate their Mother Tongue. They employ half the time of their assembling in hearing some of our best Classics read to them, which generally furnishes them with conversation for the rest of the evening. They have instituted annual festivals in honour of *Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, &c.* on each of which an oration, interspersed with encomiums on the *English* language, is spoken in praise of the author, who (in the phrase of the almanack) gives the red letter to the day. They have also established a fund, from which handsome rewards are allotted to those, who shall supply the place of any exotic terms, that have been smuggled into our language, by homespun *British* words, equally significant and expressive. An order is also made against importing any contraband phrases into the Club, by which heavy fines are laid on those, who shall have any modish barbarisms found upon them: whether they be foreign words, ancient or modern, or any cant terms coined by *The Town*, for the service of the current year.

THE whole account, which I received from my friend, gave me great satisfaction: and I never remember any society, that met together on such commendable principles. Their proceedings, it must, however, be confessed, are somewhat

what unfashionable; for the *English* Tongue is become as little the general care as *English* Beef, or *English* Honesty. Young gentlemen are obliged to drudge at school for nine or ten years, in order to scrape together as much *Greek* and *Latin*, as they can forget during their tour abroad; and have commonly at the same time a private master, to give them *French* enough to land them with some reputation at *Calais*. This is to be sure very prudent as well as genteel. Yet some people are perverse enough to imagine, that to teach boys a foreign language, living or dead, without at the same time grounding them in their Mother Tongue, is a very preposterous plan of education. The *Romans*, though they studied at *Athens*, directed their studies to the benefit of their own country; and though they read *Greek*, wrote in *Latin*. There are at this day in *France* Academies established for the support and preservation of the *French* language: and perhaps, if to the present Professorships of *Hebrew* and *Greek*, there should be added a Professorship of the *English* language, it would be no disgrace to our learned Universities.

WHEN we consider, that our language is preferable to most, if not all others now in being, it seems something extraordinary, that any attention

VOL. II.

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should

should be paid to a foreign tongue that is refused to our own, when we are likely to get so little by the exchange. But when we reflect further on the remarkable purity, to which some late authors have brought it, we are still more concerned at the present neglect of it. This shameful neglect I take to be owing chiefly to these two reasons; the false pride of those who are esteemed men of learning, and the ridiculous affectation of our fine gentlemen, and pretenders to wit.

IN complaisance to our fine gentlemen, who are themselves the allowed standards of politeness, I shall begin with them first. Their conversation exactly answers the description, which *Benedick* gives of *Claudio's*: "their words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes." These dishes too are all *French*; and I do not know, whether their conversation does not a good deal depend on their bill of fare; and whether the thin meagre diet, on which our fine gentlemen subsist, does not in some measure take away the power of that bold articulation, necessary to give utterance to manly *British* accents: whence their conversation becomes so "fantastical a banquet," and every sentence they deliver is almost as heterogeneous a mixture as a *falmagundy*. A fashionable coxcomb now never complains of the vapours,
but

but tells you that he is very much *ennuyée*:—he does not affect to be genteel but *degagée*:—nor is he taken with an elegant simplicity in a beautiful countenance, but breaks out in raptures on a *je ne scay quoi*, and a certain *naïveté*. In a word, his head as well his heels is entirely *French*; and he is a thorough *petit maitre* in his language as well as behaviour. But notwithstanding all this, I do not know, whether the conversation of our pretenders to wit is not still more barbarous. When they talk of *Humbug*, &c. they seem to be jabbering in the uncouth dialect of the *Huns*, or the rude gabble of the *Hottentots*: or if their words are at all allied to the language of this country, it probably comes nearest to the strange cant said to be in use among housebreakers and highwaymen; and if their jargon will bear any explanation, the curious are most likely to meet with it in a polite vocabulary, lately published under the title of the *Scoundrel's Dictionary*.

MANY, who are accounted men of learning, if they do not join with fops and coxcombs to corrupt our language, at least do very little to promote it, and are sometimes very indifferently acquainted with it. There are many persons of both our Universities, who can decypher an old *Greek* manuscript, and construe *Lycophron* extempore,

who scarce know the idiom of their own language, and are at a loss how to dispatch a familiar letter with tolerable facility. These gentlemen seem to think, that learning consists merely in being versed in languages not generally understood. But it should be considered, that the same genius, which animated the ancients, has dispensed at least some portion of it's heat to later ages, and particularly to the *English*. Those, who are really charmed with *Homer* and *Sophocles*, will hardly read *Shakespeare* and *Milton* without emotion; and if I was inclined to carry on the parallel, I could perhaps mention as many great names as *Athens* ever produced. The knowledge of *Greek*, *Latin*, &c. is certainly very valuable; but this may be attained without the loss of their Mother Tongue: for these reverend gentlemen should know, that languages are not like preferments in the church, too many of which cannot be held together.

THIS great neglect of our own tongue is one of the principal reasons, that we are so seldom favoured with any publications from either of our Universities; which we might expect very often, considering the great number of learned men who reside there. The press being thus deserted by those, who might naturally be expected to support

support

N^o. 42. *The* CONNOISSEUR. 53

support it, falls to the care of a set of illiterate hirelings, in whose hands it is no wonder if the language is every day mangled, and should at last be utterly destroyed. Writing is well known to be at present as much a trade as any handicraft whatever; and every man, who can vamp up any thing for present sale, though void of sense or syntax, is lifted by the booksellers as an author. But allowing all our present writers to be men of parts and learning, (as there are doubtless some who may be reckoned so) is it probable that they should exert their abilities to the utmost, when they do not write for fame, like the ancients, but as a means of subsistence? If *Herodotus* and *Livy* had sold their histories at so much a sheet, and all the other *Greek* and *Latin* Classics had written in the same circumstances with many modern authors, they would hardly have merited all that applause they so justly receive at present. The plays of *Sophocles* and *Euripides* might perhaps not have been much better than modern Tragedies; *Virgil* might have got a dinner by half a dozen *Town Eclogues*; and *Horace* have wrote Birth-day Odes, or now and then a lampoon on the company at the *Baie*.

A FALSE modesty is another great cause of the few publications by men of eminence and learn-

ing. However equal to the task, they have not sufficient confidence to venture to the press, but are rather guilty of wilful injustice to themselves and to the public. They are also ashamed of appearing among the common herd of authors. But the press, though it is often abused, should by no means be accounted scandalous or dishonourable. Though a learned and ingenious writer might not chuse to be mustered in the same roll with _____ or Mr. TOWN, yet we have an HOOKE, a BROWNE, an AKENSIDE, and many others, in whose company it will be an honour to appear. I would not willingly suppose, that they are afraid to hazard the characters they now maintain, of being men of learning and abilities; for while we only take these things for granted, their reputations are but weakly established. To rescue our Native Language from the hands of ignorants and mercenaries, is a task worthy those, who are accounted ornaments of our Seats of Learning; and it is surely more than common ingratitude in those, who eat the bread of literature, to refuse their utmost endeavours to support it.

NUMB. XLIII. *Thursday, November 21, 1754.*

Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura.

HOR.

*Pit, box, and gallery I with joy survey,
And more observe the audience than the play.*

A FEW years ago an ingenious player gave notice in the bills for his benefit night, that the Prologue should be spoken by the Pit, which he contrived to have represented on the stage. Another time he drew in the whole house to act as Chorus to a new farce; and I remember, that in the last rebellion the loyal acclamations of “God save the King” might have been heard from *Drury-Lane* to *Charing-Cross*. Upon these and many other occasions the audience has been known to enter into the immediate business of the Drama; and, to say the truth, I never go into the theatre, without looking on the spectators as playing a part almost as much as the actors themselves. All the company from the stage-box to the upper gallery know their cues very well, and perform their parts with great spirit.

spirit. I begun the season with a few animadversions on the chief faults, to which our performers are liable. To-day I shall beg leave to say a word or two to the audience, as my reflections on the theatre would otherwise be incomplete. On this occasion I expect the thanks of the managers: and would recommend it to them to put my thirty-fourth number into a frame and glass, and hang it up in the Green-Room for the benefit of the players; and to dispose three or four thousand of the present number into the several parts of the house, as *Bayes* dispersed papers to insinuate the plot of his piece into the boxes.

THE first part of the audience, that demands our attention, is so nearly allied to the actors, that they always appear on the same level with them: but while the performer endeavours to carry on the business of the play, these gentlemen behind the scenes serve only to hinder and disturb it. There is no part of the house, from which a play can be seen to so little advantage as from the stage; yet this situation is very convenient on many other considerations, of more consequence to a fine gentleman. It looks particular: it is the best place to shew a handsome person, or an elegant suit of cloaths: a bow from the stage to a beauty in the box is most likely to attract our notice;

notice; and a pretty fellow may perhaps with tolerable management get the credit of an intrigue with some of the actresses. But notwithstanding all these advantages accruing to our fine gentlemen, I could heartily wish they would leave a clear stage to the performers; or at least that none should be admitted behind the scenes, but such as would submit to be of some use there. As these gentlemen are ready drest, they might help to swell the retinue of a monarch, join the engagement in a tragedy-battle, or do any other little office that might occur in the play, which requires but little sense and no memory. But if they have not any genius for acting, and are still desirous of retaining their posts by the side-scenes, they should be obliged to take a musket, bayonet, pouch, and the rest of the accoutrements, and stand on guard quietly and decently with the soldiers.

THE Boxes are often filled with persons, who do not come to the theatre out of any regard to *Shakespeare* or *Garrick*, but like the fine Lady in *Lethe*, “because every body is there.” As these people cannot be expected to mind the play themselves, we can only desire them not to call off the attention of others; nor interrupt the dialogue on the stage by a louder conversation

of their own. The silent courtship of the eyes, ogles, nods, glances, and curtsies from one box to another, may be allowed them the same as at church; but nothing more, except at Coronations, Funeral Proceffions and Pantomimes. Here I cannot help recommending it to the gentlemen, who draw the pen from under their right ears about seven o'clock, clap on a bag-wig and sword, and drop into the boxes at the end of the third act, to take their half-crown's worth with as much decency as possible; as well as the Bloods, who reel from the taverns about *Covent-Garden* near that time, and tumble drunk into the boxes. Before I quit this part of the house, I must take notice of that division of the upper-boxes, properly distinguished by the name of the *Flesh Market*. There is frequently as much art used to make the flesh exhibited here look wholesome, and (as *Tim* says in the farce) "all over red and "white like the inside of a shoullder of mutton," as there is by the butchers to make their veal look white; and it is as often rank carrion and fly-blown. If these ladies would appear in any other quarter of the house, I would only beg of them, and those who come to market, to drive their bargains with as little noise as possible: but I have lately observed with some concern, that these women begin to appear in the lower boxes

to the destruction of all order, and great confusion of all modest ladies. It is to be hoped, that some of their friends will advise them not to pretend to appear there any more than at court: for it is as absurd to endeavour the removal of their market into the front and side boxes, as it would be in the butchers of *St. James's Market* to attempt fixing the shambles in *St. James's Square*.

I MUST now desire the reader to descend with me, among laced hats and capuchins, into the Pit. The Pit is the grand Court of Criticism; and in the center of it is collected that awful body, distinguished by the title of *The Town*. Hence are issued the irrevocable decrees; and here final sentence is pronounced on plays and players. This Court has often been very severe in it's decisions, and has been known to declare many old plays barbarously murdered, and most of our modern ones *felo de se*: but it must not be dissembled, that many a cause of great consequence has been denied a fair hearing. Parties and private cabals have often been formed to thwart the progress of merit, or to espouse ignorance and dulness: for it is not wonderful, that the Parliament of Criticism, like all others, should be liable to corruption. In this assembly Mr. TOWN was first nominated CRITIC and

CENSOR-GENERAL: But considering the notorious bribery now prevailing, I think proper to declare, (in imitation of *Tom* in the *Conscious Lovers*) that I never took a single order for my vote in all my life.

THOSE, who pay their two shillings at the door of the Middle Gallery, seem to frequent the theatre purely for the sake of seeing the play: Though these peaceful regions are sometimes disturbed by the incursions of rattling ladies of pleasure, sometimes contain persons of fashion in disguise, and sometimes critics in ambush. The greatest fault I have to object to those who fill this quarter of the theatre, is their frequent and injudicious interruption of the business of the play by their applause. I have seen a bad actor clapt two minutes together for ranting, or perhaps shrugging his shoulders, and making wry faces; and I have seen the natural course of the passions checked in a good one, by these ill-judged testimonies of their approbation. It is recorded of *Betterton* to his honour, that he thought a deep silence through the whole house, and a strict attention to his playing, the strongest and surest signs of his being well received.

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THE inhabitants of the Upper-Gallery demand our notice as well as the rest of the theatre. The Trunk-maker of immortal memory was the most celebrated hero of these regions: but since he is departed, and no able-bodied critic appointed in his room, I cannot help giving the same caution to the Upper-Gallery, as to the Gentry a pair of stairs lower. Some of the under-comedians will perhaps be displeased at this order, who are proud of these applauses, and rejoice to hear the lusty bangs from the oaken towels of their friends against the wainscot of the Upper-Gallery: but I think they should not be allowed to shatter the pannels without amending our taste; since their thwacks, however vehement, are seldom laid on with sufficient judgment to ratify our applause. It were better, therefore, if all the present twelve-penny critics of this town, who preside over our diversions in the Upper-Gallery, would content themselves with the inferior duties of their office; viz. to take care that the play begins at the proper time, that the music between the acts is of a due length, and that the candles are snuffed in tune.

AFTER these brief admonitions concerning our behaviour at the play, which are intended as a kind of *Vade mecum* for the frequenters of the theatre, I cannot conclude my paper more properly

perly than with an extract from the *Tale of a Tub*, shewing the judicious distribution of our play-houses into Pit, Boxes, and Galleries.

“ I CONFESS, that there is something very refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first; the Pit is sunk below the stage, that whatever *weighty* matter shall be delivered thence, (whether it be *lead* or *gold*) may fall plum into the jaws of certain *critics*, (as I think they are called) which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the Boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently waisted up by their own extreme levity, to the middle Region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not with much foresight contrived for them a fourth place, called the *Twelve-Penny Gallery*, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.”

NUMB. XLIV. *Thursday, November 28, 1754.*

— Des nominis hujus honorem. HOR.

*Let ev'ry Wapping Wife to Lady swell,
And each St. Giles's Miss be Ma'moiselle.*

I LATELY took a survey of the Female World, as CENSOR GENERAL; and upon a strict review was very much surpris'd to find, that there is scarce one Woman to be met with, except among the lowest of the vulgar. The sex consists almost entirely of LADIES. Every *Joan* is lifted into a Lady; and the maid and the mistress are equally dignified with this polite title. The stage-coaches are constantly filled with Ladies——At *Bartholomew Fair* there is always an hop for the Ladies——And if the Ladies in the drawing-room are employed at Whist, their last night's cards are made use of in a rubber by the Ladies in the steward's room; while the other Ladies of the family are staking their half-pence at Put or All-Fours in the kitchen.——In a word, whenever there is occasion to speak of the Female World, honourable mention is always made of them by the respectful appellation of
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The LADIES: as the young and the old, the black and the brown, the homely and the handsome, are all complaisantly included under the general title of *The FAIR*.

SINCE therefore the Ladies of *Great-Britain* make up so numerous a body, I should be loth to disoblige so considerable a sister-hood, and shall devote this paper entirely to their service. I propose at present to marshal them into their respective ranks; and upon a review I find that they may be justly distributed under these five divisions; *viz.* Married Ladies, Maiden or Young Ladies, Ladies of Quality, Fine Ladies, and lastly (without affront to the good company) Ladies of Pleasure.

I SHALL begin with the Married Ladies, as this order will be found to be far the most numerous, and includes all the married women in town or country above the degree of a chair-woman or the trundler of a wheel-barrow. The plain old *English* word Wife has long been discarded in our conversation, as being only fit for the broad mouths of the vulgar. A well-bred ear is startled at the very sound of Wife, as at a coarse and indelicate expression; and I appeal to any fashionable couple, whether they would not be

be as much ashamed to be mentioned together as man and wife, as they would be to appear together at court in a fardingale and trunk-breeches. From *Hyde-Park-Corner* to *Temple-Bar* this monster of a Wife has not been heard of since the antiquated times of Dame and Your Worship; and in the City every good house-wife is at least a *Lady of the other End of the Town*. In the country you might as well dispute the pretensions of every foxhunter to the title of Esquire, as of his help-mate to that of Lady; and in every corporation town, whoever matches with a burghers, becomes a Lady by right of charter. My cousin VILLAGE, (from whom I have all my rural intelligence) informs me, that upon the strictest enquiry there is but one Wife in the town where he now lives, and that is the parson's wife, who is never mentioned by the country Ladies but as a dowdy, and an old-fashioned creature. Such is the great privilege of matrimony, that every female is ennobled by changing her surname: for as every unmarried woman is a Miss, every married one by the same courtesy is a Lady.

THE next order of dignified females is composed of Maiden or Young Ladies; which terms are synonymous, and are indifferently applied to females of the age fourteen or threescore. We must

must not, therefore, be surprised to hear of Maiden Ladies, who are known to have had several children, or to meet with Young Ladies, that look like old dowagers. At the house of an acquaintance where I lately visited, I was told that we were to expect Mrs. *Jackson* and the two Miss *Wrinkles*. But what was my surprise! when I saw on their arrival a blooming female of twenty-five accosted under the first denomination, and the two nymphs, as I expected, come tottering into the room, the youngest of them to all appearance on the verge of threescore. I could not help wishing on this occasion, that some middle term was invented between *Miss* and *Mrs.* to be adopted, at a certain age, by all females not inclined to matrimony. For surely nothing can be more ridiculous, than to hear a grey-haired lady pass her grand climacteric mentioned in terms, that convey the idea of youth and beauty, or perhaps of a bib and hanging-sleeves. This indiscriminate appellation unavoidably creates much confusion: I know an eminent tradesman, who lost a very good customer for innocently writing *Mrs.* ——— at the head of her bill: and I was lately at a ball, where, trusting to a friend for a partner, I was obliged to do penance with an old withered beldam, who hobbled through several country dances with me, though she was
ancient

ancient enough to have been my grandmother. Excluding these Young Ladies of fifty and sixty, this order of females is very numerous; for there is scarce a girl in town or country, superior to a milk-maid or cinder-wench, but is comprehended in it. The daughters are indisputably Young Ladies, though their papas may be tradesmen or mechanics. For the present race of shopkeepers &c. have wisely provided, that their gentility shall be preserved in the female part of the family. Thus, although the son is called plain *Jack*, and perhaps bound apprentice to his father, the daughter is taught to hold up her head, make tea in the little parlour behind the shop, and inherits the title of Lady from her mamma. To make these claims to dignity more sure, those excellent seminaries of genteel education, called Boarding-Schools, have been contrived; where instead of teasing a sampler, or conning a chapter of the bible, the Young Ladies are instructed to hold up their heads, make a curtsy, and to behave themselves in every respect like pretty little Ladies. Hence it happens, that we may often observe several of these polite damsels in the skirts of *White-Chapel*, and in every petty country town; nay, it is common to meet with Young Ladies *born and bred*, who have submitted to keep a chandler's shop, or had humility enough even to go to service.

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I PROCEED next to take into consideration what is generally understood by Ladies of Quality. These in other words may be more properly called Ladies of Fashion; for, in the modern acceptation of the phrase, not so much regard is had to their birth or station, or even to their coronet, as to their way of life. The duchess, who has not taste enough to act up to the character of a Person of Quality, is no more respected in the polite world than a city knight's Lady; nor does she derive any greater honour from her title, than the hump-backed woman receives from the vulgar. But what is more immediately expected from a Lady of Quality, will be seen under the next article: for, to their praise be it spoken, most of our modern Ladies of Quality affect to be Fine Ladies.

To describe the life of a Fine Lady would be only to set down a perpetual round of visiting, gaming, dressing, and intriguing. She has been bred up in the notion of making a figure, and of recommending herself as a woman of spirit: for which end she is always foremost in the fashion, and never fails gracing with her appearance every public assembly, and every party of pleasure. Though single, she may coquet with every fine gentleman; or if married, she may admit of gallantries

lantries without reproach, and even receive visits from the men in her bed-chamber. To complete the character, and to make her a Very Fine Lady, she should be celebrated for her wit and beauty, and be parted from her husband : for as matrimony itself is not meant as a restraint upon pleasure, a separate maintenance is understood as a licence to throw off even the appearance of virtue.

FROM the Fine Ladies it is a very natural transition to the Ladies of Pleasure : and, indeed, from what has already been said concerning Fine Ladies, one might imagine that, as they make pleasure their sole pursuit, they might properly be entitled Ladies of Pleasure. But this gay appellation is reserved for the higher rank of Prostitutes, whose principal difference from the Fine Ladies consists in their openly professing a trade, which the others carry on by smuggling. A Lady of Fashion, who refuses no favours but the last, or even grants that without being paid for it, is not to be accounted a Lady of Pleasure, but ranks in an order formerly celebrated under the title of DEMI-REPS. It is whimsical enough to see the different complexions assumed by the same vice, according to the difference of stations. The married Lady of Quality may intrigue with as
many

many as she pleases, and still remain *Right Honourable*; the draggle-tailed Street-Walker is a *Common Woman*, and liable to be sent to *Bridewell*; but the Whore of High Life is a *Lady of Pleasure*, and rolls in a gilt chariot.

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NUMB. XLV. *Thursday, December 5, 1754.*

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli. JUV.

*Whate'er the busy bustling world employs,
Our wants and wishes, pleasures, cares and joys,
These the historians of our times display,
And call it News, the hodge-podge of a day.*

WHEN I first resolv'd on appearing in my present character, I had some thoughts of making my public entry in the front of one or other of our News-Papers; as I considered that the domestic occurrences, which compose a part of their equipage, would make no bad figure in my own retinue. Some reflections on the modish methods of gaming would receive an additional confirmation from a paragraph in the News, that “last tuesday a game at Whist was played at “*White’s* for 1000*l.* a corner,” or that “the “match between his Grace the Duke of * * * *
“ and

“ and Lord **** was decided at *Newmarket*:”
and a dissertation on the luxury of the present age
would be very aptly illustrated by an exact ac-
count of the weight of the Turtle, dressed a few
days before for the gentlemen of the above-
mentioned Chocolate-house.

INDEED, I have always looked upon the works
of Mr. *Jenour* in the *Daily Advertiser* as a kind of
supplement to the intelligence of Mr. TOWN;
containing a more minute account of the import-
ant transactions of that class of mankind, which
has been figuratively stiled *The World*. From
these daily registers, you may not only learn
when any body is married or hanged, but you
have immediate notice, whenever his Grace goes
to *Newmarket*, or her Ladyship sets out for *Bath*:
and but last week, at the same time that the
gentlemen of the law were told, that the Lord
Chancellor could not sit in the Court of Chancery,
people of fashion had the melancholy news, that
Signor *Ricciarelli* was not able to sing.

NOR is that part of Mr. *Jenour*'s lucubrations,
which is allotted to Advertisements, less amusing
and entertaining: and many of these articles
might very properly come under my cognizance.
It is here debated, whether the prize of eloquence
should

should be given to Orator *Macklin* or Orator *Henley*; and whether Mr. *Stephen Pitts* is not the best qualified to furnish gentlemen and ladies libraries with tea-chests in *Octavo*, and close-stools in *Folio*. And besides the public notices to persons of taste, of very rare old Japan, and most curious and inimitable *Epargnes* for deserts, as also the most rich and elegant fancied silks to be sold by auction; many other advices not less interesting to the Town, are here given. We are daily put in mind, that Mrs. *Phillips* at the Green Canister still hopes for the favours of her former good customers as usual: that next door to *Haddock's* is sold an antidote against the poison imbibed at that bagnio: that Dr. *Rock* infallibly cures a certain epidemical distemper by virtue of the King's Patent: that a learned physician and surgeon will privately accommodate any gentleman (as the Doctor modestly expresses it in his own *Latin*) *Pro Morbus Veneria curandus*: and that Y. Z. a regular-bred surgeon and man-midwife, together with fifty others, will accommodate gentlewomen, that are under a necessity of lying in privately.

BUT not only the public transactions of auctioneers, brokers, and horse-dealers, but the most private concerns of pleasure and gallantry may be
also

also carried on by means of this paper. Assignations are here made, and the most secret intrigues formed, at the expence of two shillings. If a genteel young body, who can do all kinds of work, wants a place, she will be sure to hear of a master by advertising: Any gentleman and lady of *unexceptionable character* may meet with lodgings to be lett, and no questions asked: How often has *Romeo* declared in print his unspeakable passion for the charming *Peachy*! How many gentlemen have made open professions of the strictest honour and secrecy! And how many ladies, drest in such a manner, and seen at such a place, have been desired to leave a line for *A. B.* Before the late Marriage Act it was very usual for young gentlemen and ladies (possess of every qualification requisite to make the marriage state happy) to offer themselves as a good bargain to each other; and men took the same measures of advertising to get an agreeable companion for life, as they do for an agreeable companion in a post-chaise. As this traffick in matrimony is now prohibited, it has given occasion to the opening a new branch of trade; and since husbands and wives are hardly to be got for love or money, several good-natured females have set themselves up to sale to the best bidder. The *Daily Advertiser* is therefore become the universal register for new

faces; and every day's advertisements have been lately crouded with offers of young ladies, who would be glad of the company of any elderly gentleman, to pass his leisure hours with them, and **PLAY AT CARDS**.

I LOOK upon the common intelligence in our public papers, with the long train of advertisements annexed to it, as the best account of the present domestic state of *England*, that can possibly be compiled; nor do I know any thing, which would give posterity so clear an idea of the taste and morals of the present age, as a bundle of our daily papers. They would here see what books are most read, what are our chief amusements and diversions: and when they should observe the daily inquiries after eloped wives and apprentices, and the frequent accounts of trials in *Westminster-Hall* for perjury, adultery, &c. they might form a tolerable notion even of our private life. Among many other reasons for lamenting that the art of printing was not more early discovered, I cannot but regret that we have perhaps lost many accounts of this nature, which might otherwise have been handed down to us. With what pleasure should we have perused an *Athenian Advertiser*, or a *Roman Gazetteer*! A curious critic or antiquarian would place them on

the

the same shelf with the Classics; and would be highly pleased at discovering, what days *Tully* went to his *Tusculum*, or *Pliny* to his magnificent *Villa*; who was the capital finger at the *Græcian* Opera, and in what characters *Roscius* appeared with most success. These pieces of intelligence would undoubtedly give great satisfaction; and I am myself acquainted with a very learned gentleman, who has assured me, that he has been as much delighted at discovering that the *Soffi* were *Horace's* booksellers, that the *Hecyra* of *Terence* was damned, and other little particulars of that nature, as with an account of the destruction of *Carthage*, or the death of *Cæsar*. We should also be glad to collect from their advertisements what things were most in request at *Athens* and *Rome*. Even our papers, (which perhaps are called *Daily* from their lasting but a day) are, I fear, of too fugitive a nature to fall under the inspection of posterity. To remedy, in some measure, this inconvenience, I shall now conclude with a few advertisements, which, if they have not all actually been inserted in our papers, are at least of the same nature with those, that daily have a place there.

Advertisements.

To be spoke with every Day at his House in the Old-Bailey,

BRYAN RAPAWAY,

WHO swears Oaths of all Kinds and Prices, and will procure positive Evidence at a Day's Warning in all Sorts of Causes. He will contract with an Attorney or Quack-Doctor to swear by the Quarter; and will supply *Affidavits*, &c. on the most reasonable Terms.

He will attend, during the Business of Elections and Double Returns, in the Lobby of the House of Commons, and will ply next Term at Westminster-Hall.

W A N T E D,

A Genteel Black or Negroe GIRL, very handsome; with a soft Skin, good Teeth, sweet Breath, at least five Feet three Inches high, and not above Eighteen. Whoever has such a Girl to dispose of, may hear of a Gentleman who will give fifty Guineas for her, by applying at the Bar of the *Shakespeare's Head Tavern, Covent-Garden*.

Note, *At the same Place any Genteel White GIRL may hear of something to her Advantage.*

A Person, that lives near *Guildhall*, is a very gentle Rider, rides about ten Stone, chiefly for Health, and never on a Sunday but on an extraordinary Occasion, would be glad of a Partner much under the same Circumstances, in a very genteel MARE, and very good in her Kind.

Several Signs, from 100 to 10,000.

WANTED immediately, by a Person in a large and profitable Business——Wanted directly, by a Person whose Character will bear the strictest Enquiry——Wanted for a Week only, or as long as the Lender chuses——Upon undeniable Security——The Borrower will give his Bond and Judgment, make over his Stock in Trade, ensure his Life, &c.——A handsome Gratuity will be given——Interest paid punctually——Strictest Honour and Secrecy may be depended on.—None but Principals will be treated with.

Direct for A. B. L. M. S. T. X. Y. &c. &c. &c.

This Day are published,

THE Adventures of *Dick Hazard.*

The History of Mr. *Joshua Trueman.*

The History of *Will Ramble.*

The History of *James Ramble, Esq.*

The Travels of *Drake Morris.*

The History of *Jasper Banks.*

Memoirs of the *Shakespeare's Head.*

The History of *Frank Hammond.*

The *Marriage-Act*, a Novel.

And speedily will be published,

The History of Sir *Humphrey Herald* and Sir *Edward Haunch.*—Memoirs of *Lady Vainlove.*—The *Card.*

Adventures of *Tom Doughty*, *Jack Careless*, *Frank Easy*,
Dick Damnable, *Molly Peirson*, &c. &c. &c.

Being a complete Collection of NOVELS for the
Amusement of the present Winter.

T

NUMB. XLVI. *Thursday, December 12, 1754.*

— — — Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen. — — — OVID.

*Where borrow'd tints bestow a lifeless grace,
None wear the same, yet none a different face.*

TO MR. TOWN.

S I R,

IT is whimsical to observe the mistakes, that we country gentlemen are led into at our first coming to town. We are induced to think, and indeed truly, that your fine ladies are composed of different materials from our rural ones; since, though they sleep all day and rake all night, they still remain as fresh and ruddy as a parson's daughter or a farmer's wife. At other times we are apt to wonder, that such delicate creatures as they appear, should yet be so much proof against cold, that they look as rosy in *January* as in *June*, and even in the sharpest weather are very unwilling to approach the fire. I was at a loss how to account for this unalterable hue of their complexions; but I soon found, that beauty was

not

not more peculiar to the air of St. *James's* than of *York*; and that this perpetual bloom was not native, but imported from abroad. Not content with that red and white which nature gave, your belles are reduced (as they pretend to the necessity of supplying the flush of health with the rouge of vermilion, and giving us *Spanish* wool for *English* beauty.

THE very reason alledged for this fashionable practice is such, as (if they seriously considered it) the ladies would be ashamed to mention. "The late hours they are obliged to keep, render them such perfect frights, that they would be as loth to appear abroad without paint as without cloaths." This, it must be acknowledged, is too true: But would they suffer their fathers or their husbands to wheel them down for one month to the old mansion-house, they would soon be sensible of the change, and soon perceive how much the early walk exceeds the late assembly. The vigils of the card-table have spoiled many a good face; and I have known a beauty stick to the midnight rubbers, 'till she has grown as homely as the Queen of Spades. There is nothing more certain in all *Hoyle's* Cases, than that Whist and late hours will ruin the finest set of features: but if the ladies would give up their

routes for the healthy amusements of the country, I will venture to say, their carmine would be then as useless as their artificial nosegays.

A MORALIST might talk to them of the heinousness of the practice; since all deceit is criminal, and painting is no better than looking a lye. And should they urge that nobody is deceived by it, he might add, that the plea for admitting it then is at an end; since few are yet arrived at that height of *French* politeness, as to dress their cheeks in public, and to profess wearing vermilion as openly as powder. But I shall content myself with using an argument more likely to prevail: and such, I trust, will be the assurance, that this practice is highly disagreeable to the men. What must be the mortification, and what the disgust of the lover, who goes to bed to a bride as blooming as an angel, and finds her in the morning as wan and yellow as a corpse? For marriage soon takes off the mask; and all the resources of art, all the mysteries of the toilet, are then at an end. He that is thus wedded to a cloud instead of a *Juno*, may well be allowed to complain, but he cannot even hope for relief; since this is a custom, which, once admitted, so tarnishes the skin, that it is next to impossible ever to retrieve it. Let me, therefore, caution

caution those young beginners, who are not yet discoloured past redemption, to leave it off in time, and endeavour to procure and preserve by early hours that unaffected bloom, which art cannot give, and which only age or sickness can take away.

OUR beauties were formerly above making use of so poor an artifice: They trusted to the lively colouring of nature, which was heightened by temperance and exercise; but our modern belles are obliged to retouch their cheeks every day, to keep them in repair. We were then as superior to the *French* in the assembly, as in the field: but since a trip to *France* has been thought a requisite in the education of our ladies as well as gentlemen, our polite females have thought fit to dress their faces, as well as their heads, *à la mode de Paris*. I am told, that when an *English* lady is at *Paris*, she is so surrounded with false faces, that she is herself obliged (if she would not appear singular) to put on the mask. But who would exchange the brilliancy of the diamond for the faint lustre of *French* paste? And for my part I would as soon expect, that an *English* beauty at *Morocco* would japan her face with lamb-black, in complaisance to the sable beauties of that country. Let the *French* ladies white-wash and plaister their fronts, and lay on their colours with a

trowel: but these dawblings of art are no more to be compared to the genuine glow of a *British* cheek, than the coarse strokes of the painter's brush can resemble the native veins of the marble. This contrast is placed in a proper light in Mr. *Addison's* fine epigram on Lady *Manchester*; which may serve to convince us of the force of undissembled beauty.

*When haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks a lifeless red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair,
Confusion in their looks they shew'd,
And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.*

I think, Mr. *Town*, you might easily prevail on your fair readers to leave off this unnatural practice, if you could once thoroughly convince them, that it impairs their beauty instead of improving it. A lady's face, like the coats in the *Tale of a Tub*, if left to itself, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

AMONG other matter of wonder on my first coming to town, I was much surpris'd at the general appearance of youth among the ladies.

At

At present there is no distinction in their complexions between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric : yet at the same time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on monday grow very ruddy and blooming on tuesday ; turn pale on wednesday ; come round to the olive hue again on thursday ; and in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people, whom no body knows ; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, 'till on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expence of a fair one, who had unthinkingly turned her cheek ; and found that my kisses were given, (as is observed in the epigram) like those of *Pyramus*, through a wall. I then discovered, that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeit ; and that (as *Hamlet* says) “ God had given them one face, and they “ had made themselves another.”

I HAVE mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a salute, that your

courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain in *Yorkshire*. There, I think, they are pretty safe; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make it's way into the country, as this rumped complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a black velvet mask; at another it was blotted with patches; and at present it is crufted over with plaister of *Paris*. In those battered belles, who still aim at conquest, this practice is in some sort excusable; but it is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good set of teeth, merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

YET, so common is this fashion grown among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a groupe of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion, as I do at *Hudson's*; and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement

arrangement of the tints, and the delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvass.

I am, S I R, your humble servant,
Rusticus.

NUMB. XLVII. Thursday, December 19, 1754.

**Hic mecum licet, hic, Juvence, quicquid
In buccam tibi venerit, loquaris. MART.**

*Here, wittlings, here with Macklin talk your fill,
On plays, or politics, or what you will.*

IT has hitherto been imagined, that though we have equalled, if not surpassed, the ancients in other liberal arts, we have not yet been able to arrive at that height of eloquence, which was possessed in so amazing a manner by the *Gracian* and *Roman* Orators. Whether this has been owing to any peculiar organization of our tongues, or whether it has proceeded from our national love of taciturnity, I shall not take upon me

me to determine: but I will now venture to affirm, that the present times might furnish us with a more surprising number of Fine Speakers, than have been set down by *Tully* in his treatise *De Claris Oratoribus*. Foreigners can no longer object to us, that the northern coldness of our climate has (as it were) purged up our lips; and that we are afraid to open our mouths: The charm is at length dissolved; and our people, who before affected the gravity and silence of the *Spaniards*, have adopted and naturalized the volubility of speech, as well as the gay manners, of the *French*.

THIS change has been brought about by the public-spirited attempts of those elevated geniuses, who have instituted certain schools for the cultivation of eloquence in all it's branches. Hence it is, that instead of languid discourses from the pulpit, several tabernacles and meeting-houses have been set up, where lay-preachers may display all the powers of oratory in sighs and groans, and emulate a *Whitfield* or a *Wesley* in all the figures of rhetoric. And not only the enthusiast has his Conventicles, but even the free-thinker boast his Societies, where he may hold forth against religion in tropes, metaphors, and similes. The declamations weekly thundered out

at *Clare-Market*, and the subtle argumentations at the *Robin Hood*, I have formerly celebrated: It now remains to pay my respects to the *Martin Luther* of the age, (as he frequently calls himself) the great *Orator* MACKLIN; who, by declaiming himself, and opening a school for the disputations of others, has joined both the above plans together, and formed the BRITISH INQUISITION. Here, whatever concerns the world of taste and literature, is debated: Our rakes and bloods, who had been used to frequent *Covent-Garden* merely for the sake of whoring and drinking, now resort thither for reason and argument; and the *Piazza* begins to vie with the ancient *Portico*, where *Socrates* disputed.

BUT what pleases me most in Mr. MACKLIN'S Institution is, that he has allowed the tongues of my fair country-women full play. Their natural talents for Oratory are so excellent and numerous, that it seems more owing to the envy than prudence of the other sex, that they should be denied the opportunity of exerting them. The remarkable tendency in our politest ladies "to talk, though they have nothing "to say," and the torrent of eloquence, that pours (on the most trivial occasions) from the lips of those females, called *Scolds*, give abundant

dant proofs of that command of words, and flow of eloquence, which so few men have been able to attain. Again, if action is the life and soul of an oration, how many advantages have the ladies in this particular? The waving of a snowy arm, artfully shaded with the enchanting slope of a double ruffle, would have twenty times the force of the stiff see-saw of a male orator: and when they come to the most animated parts of the oration, which demand uncommon warmth and agitation, we should be vanquished by the heaving breast, and all those other charms, which the modern dress is so well calculated to display.

SINCE the ladies are thus undeniably endued with these and many other accomplishments for Oratory, that no place should yet have been opened for their exerting them, is almost unaccountable. The lower order of females have, indeed, long ago instituted an academy of this kind at the other end of the town, where oysters and eloquence are in equal perfection: but the politer part of the female world have hitherto had no further opportunity of exercising their abilities, than the common occasions which a new cap or petenlair, the tea or the card-table, have afforded them. I am therefore heartily glad,

that

that a plan is at length put in execution, which will encourage their propensity to talking, and enlarge their topics of conversation : but I would more particularly recommend it to all ladies of a clamorous disposition, to attend at MACKLIN's; that the impetuous stream of eloquence, which, for want of another vent, has long been poured on their servants or husbands, may now be carried off by another more agreeable channel.

I COULD not have thought it possible, that this undertaking would have subsisted two nights, without setting all the female tongues from St. James's to Temple-Bar in motion. But the ladies have hitherto been dumb ; and Female Eloquence seems as unlikely to display itself in public as ever. Whether their modesty will not permit them to open their mouths in the unhallowed air of *Covent-Garden*, I know not : but I am rather inclined to think, that the Questions proposed have not been sufficiently calculated for the female part of the assembly. They might perhaps be tempted to debate, “ whether *Fanny Murray* or Lady ——— were the properest to “ lead the fashion ;”—“ to what lengths a lady “ might proceed without the loss of her reputation ;”—or “ whether the Beautifying Lotion “ or the Royal Washball were the most excellent
“ lent

“*lent Cosmetics.*” It might also be expected in complaisance to the fair sex, that the INQUISITOR should now and then read a dissertation on Natural and Artificial Beauty; in which he might (with that softness and delicacy peculiar to himself) analyse a lady’s face, and give examples of the ogle, the simper, the smile, the languish, the dimple, &c. with a word or two on the use and benefit of paint.

BUT these points I shall leave to Mr. MACKLIN’S consideration; In the mean time, as it is not in my power to oblige the public with a Lady’s Speech, I shall fill up the remainder of my paper with an Oration, which my correspondent is desirous should appear in print, though he had not sufficient confidence to deliver it at the INQUISITION.

QUESTION.

Whether the STAGE might not be made more conducive to VIRTUE and MORALITY.

MR. INQUISITOR,

THE ancient drama had, we know, a religious as well as political view; and was designed to inspire the audience with a reverence to the Gods and a love of their country. Our

own

own stage, upon particular occasions, has been made to answer the same ends. Thus we may remember during the last rebellion, besides the loyalty of the fiddles in the Orchestra, we were inspired with a detestation of the pope and pretender by the *Nonjacob*, the *Jesuit Caught*, *Perkin Warbeck*, or the *Popish Impostor*, and such other politico-religious dramas.

BUT there is a species of the drama, which has not yet been mentioned by any of the gentlemen who have spoke to the question, and which is very deficient in point of Moral: I mean, PANTOMIMES. Mr. *Law* has been very severe on the impiety of representing Heathen Gods and Goddesses before a truly Christian audience: and to this we may add, that Harlequin is but a wicked sort of fellow, and is always running after the girls. For my part I have often blushed to see this impudent rake endeavouring to creep up Columbine's petticoats, and at other times patting her neck, and laying his legs upon her lap. Nobody will say, indeed, that there is much virtue or morality in these entertainments: though it must be confessed to the honour of our neighbouring house here, that the *Neeromancer* and the *Sorcerer*, after having played many unchristian pranks upon the stage, are at last

last fairly sent to the devil. I would therefore recommend it to our Pantomime-writers, that instead of the *Pantheon*, or lewd comedies, they would take their subjects from some Old Garland, Moral Ballad, or Penny History Book. Suppose, for example, they were to give us the story of *Patient Grizzle* in dumb shew; setting forth, as how a noble lord fell in love with her, as he was hunting;—and there you might have the scene of the Spinning Wheel, and the song of the *Early Horn*;—and as how, after many trials of her patience, which they might represent by machinery, this lord at last married her;—and then you may have a Grand Temple and a Dance. The other house have already revived the good old story of *Fortunatus's* Wishing Cap; and as they are fond of introducing little children in their entertainments, suppose they were to exhibit a Pantomime of the *Three Children in the Wood*;—'twould be vastly pretty to see the paste-board robin-red-breasts let down by wires upon the stage to cover the poor innocent babes with paper leaves. But if they must have *Fairies* and *Genii*, I would advise them to take their stories out of that pretty little book, called the *Fairy Tales*. I am sure, instead of ostriches, dogs, horses, lions, monkeys, &c. we should be full as well pleased to see the *Wolf and little red Riding Hood*;
and

and we should laugh vastly at the adventures of *Puss in Boots*. I need not point out the excellent Moral, which would be inculcated by representations of this kind; and I am confident they would meet with the deserved applause of all the old women and children in both galleries.

O

NUMB. XLVIII. *Thursday, December 26, 1754.*

— Age, libertate Decembri,

Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere. —

HOR.

Come, let us, like our jovial fires of old,

With gambols and mince-pies our Christmas hold.

AT this season of the year it has always been customary for the lower part of the world to express their gratitude to their benefactors; while some of a more elevated genius among them cloath their thoughts in a kind of holiday dress, and once in the year rise into poets. Thus the bellman bids good night to all his masters and mistresses in couplets; the news-carrier hawks his own verses; and the very lamp-lighter addresses his worthy customers in rhyme. As a servant

to

to the public, I should be wanting in the due respect to my readers, if I also did not take this earliest opportunity of paying them the compliments of the season, and (in the phrase of their barbers, taylors, shoemakers, and other tradesmen) wish them a merry *Christmas* and a happy New Year.

THOSE old-fashioned mortals, who have been accustomed to look upon this season with extraordinary devotion, I leave to con over the explanation of it in *Nelson*: It shall at present be my business to shew the different methods of celebrating it in these kingdoms. With the generality, *Christmas* is looked upon as a festival in the most literal sense, and held sacred by good eating and drinking. These, indeed, are the most distinguishing marks of *Christmas*: The revenue from the malt-tax and the duty upon wines, &c. on account of these twelve days, has always been found to increase considerably: And it is impossible to conceive the slaughter, that is made among the poultry and the hogs in different parts of the country, to furnish the prodigious numbers of turkeys and chinees, and collars of brawn, that travel up, as presents, to the metropolis on this occasion. The jolly cit looks upon this joyous time of feasting, with as much pleasure as

on

on the treat of a new-elected alderman, or a lord-mayor's day. Nor can the country farmer rail more against the Game-Act, than many worthy citizens, who have ever since been debarred of their annual hare; while their ladies can never enough regret their loss of the opportunity of displaying their skill, in making a most excellent pudding in the belly. But these notable house-wives have still the consolation of hearing their guests commend the mince-pies without meat, which we are assured were made at home, and not like the ordinary heavy things from the pastry-cooks. These good people would, indeed, look upon the absence of mince-pies as the highest violation of *Christmas*; and have remarked with concern the disregard, that has been shewn of late years to that *Old English* repast: for this excellent *British Olio* is as essential to *Christmas*, as pancake to Shrove Tuesday, tanfy to Easter, furrity to Midlent Sunday, or goose to Michaelmas Day. And they think it no wonder, that our finical gentry should be so loose in their principles, as well as weak in their bodies, when the solid, substantial, Protestant mince-pie has given place among them to the Roman Catholic *Aumlets*, and the light, puffy heterodox *Pets de Religieuses*.

As this season used formerly to be welcomed in with more than usual jollity in the country, it is probable that the *Christmas* remembrances, with which the waggons and stage-coaches are at this time loaded, first took their rise from the laudable custom of distributing provisions at this severe quarter of the year to the poor. But these presents are now seldom sent to those, who are really in want of them, but are designed as compliments to the great from their inferiors, and come chiefly from the tenant to his rich landlord, or from the rector of a fat living, as a kind of tythe, to his patron. Nor is the old hospitable *English* custom, of keeping open house for the poor neighbourhood, any longer regarded. We might as soon expect to see plum-porridge fill a terrene at the ordinary at *White's*, as that the lord of the manour should assemble his poor tenants to make merry at the great house. The servants now swill the *Christmas* ale by themselves in the hall, while the squire gets drunk, with his brother foxhunters, in the smoking-room.

THERE is no rank of people so heartily rejoiced at the arrival of this joyful season, as the order of servants, journeymen, apprentices, and the lower sort of people in general. No
master

master or mistress is so rigid, as to refuse them an holiday; and, by remarkable good luck, the same circumstance, which gives them an opportunity of diverting themselves, procures them money to support it, by the tax which custom has imposed upon us in the article of *Christmas Boxes*. The butcher and the baker send their journey-men and apprentices to levy contributions on their customers, which are paid back again in the usual fees to Mr. *John* and Mrs. *Mary*. This serves the tradesman as a pretence to lengthen out his bill, and the master and mistress to lower the wages on account of the vails. The *Christmas Box* was formerly the bounty of well-disposed people, who were willing to contribute something towards rewarding the industrious, and supplying them with necessaries. But the gift is now almost demanded as a right; and our journeymen, apprentices, &c. are grown so polite, that instead of reserving their *Christmas Box* for it's original use, their ready cash serves them only for present pocket-money; and instead of visiting their friends and relations, they commence the fine gentlemen of the week. The sixpenny hop is crowded with ladies and gentlemen from the kitchen; the Syrens of *Catherine-Street* charm many an holiday gallant into their snares; and the play-houses are filled with

beaux, wits and critics, from *Cheapside* and *White-Chapel*. The barrows are surrounded with raw lads setting their halfpence against oranges; and the greasy cards and dirty cribbage-board employ the genteeler gamesters in every ale-house. A merry *Christmas* has ruined many a promising young fellow, who has been flush of money at the beginning of the week, but before the end of it has committed a robbery on the till for more.

BUT in the midst of this general festivity there are some, so far from giving into any extraordinary merriment, that they seem more gloomy than usual, and appear with faces as dismal as the month, in which *Christmas* is celebrated. I have heard a plodding citizen most grievously complain of the great expence of house-keeping at this season, when his own and his wife's relations claim the privilege of kindred to eat him out of house and home. Then again, considering the present total decay of trade, and the great load of taxes, it is a shame, they think, that poor shopkeepers should be so fleeced and plundered, under the pretence of *Christmas Boxes*. But if tradesmen have any reason to murmur at *Christmas*, many of their customers, on the other hand, tremble at it's approach; as it is made a

sanction

function to every petty mechanic, to break in upon their joy, and disturb a gentleman's repose at this time, by bringing in his bill.

OTHERS, who used to be very merry at this season, have within this year or two been quite disconcerted. To put them out of their old way, is to put them out of humour: they have therefore quarrelled with the almanack, and refuse to keep their *Christmas* according to act of parliament. My cousin VILLAGE informs me, that this obstinacy is very common in the country; and that many still persist in waiting eleven days for their mirth, and defer their *Christmas* till the blowing of the *Glastonbury Thorn*. In some, indeed, this cavilling with the calendar has been only the result of close œconomy; who, by evading the expence of keeping *Christmas* with the rest of the world, find means to neglect it, when the general time of celebrating it is over. Many have availed themselves of this expedient: and I am acquainted with a couple, who are enraged at the New Style on another account; because it puts them to double expences, by robbing them of the opportunity of keeping *Christmas* Day and their Wedding Day at the same time.

As to persons of fashion, this annual Carnival is worse to them than Lent, or the empty town in the middle of summer. The boisterous merriment, and aukward affectation of politeness among the vulgar, interrupts the course of their refined pleasures, and drives them out of town for the holidays. The few who remain are very much at a loss how to dispose of their time; for the theatres at this season are opened only for the reception of school-boys and apprentices, and there is no public place where a person of fashion can appear, without being surrounded with the dirty inhabitants of *St. Giles's*, and the brutes from the *Wapping* side of *Westminster*. These unhappy sufferers are really to be pitied: and since *Christmas* Day has to persons of distinction a great deal of insipidity about it, I cannot enough applaud an ingenious lady, who sent cards round to all her acquaintance, inviting them to a rout on that day; which they declared was the happiest thought in the world, because *Christmas* Day is so like Sunday.

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NUMB.

NUMB. XLIX. *Thursday, January 2, 1754.*

Est in consilio matrona, admotaque lanis
 Emeritâ quæ cessat acu: sententia prima
 Hujus erit: post hanc ætate atque arte minores
 Censebunt: tanquam famæ discrimen agatur,
 Aut animæ: tanta est quærendi cura decoris.

JUV.

*Here ev'ry Belle, for taste and beauty known,
 Shall meet——to fix the fashion of a gown;
 Of caps and ruffles hold the grave debate,
 As of their lives they would decide the fate.
 Life, soul, and all, would claim th' attention less;
 For life and soul is center'd all—in Dress.*

To Mr. T O W N.

S I R,

CONTESTED Elections and Double
 Returns being at present the general topic
 of discourse, a subject in which the ladies,
 methinks, are but little concerned, I have a
 Scheme to propose to you in their behalf, which
 I doubt not but you, as their professed patron,
 will use your eloquence to recommend, and your
 authority to enforce. It has long been a matter

of real concern to every well-wisher to the fair sex, that the men should be allowed the free choice of representatives, to whom they can make every real or pretended grievance known, while the women are deprived of the same privilege; when in reality they have many grievances utterly unknown and unthought of by the men, and which cannot be redressed but by a FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

I DO not, indeed, pretend to the honour of first projecting this scheme, since an Assembly of this nature has been proposed before: but as it appears to me so necessary, I would advise that writs be immediately issued out for calling a Parliament of Women, which for the future should assemble every winter, and be dissolved every *third* year. My reason for shortening the time of their sitting proceeds from the reflection, that full as much business will be done, at least as many speeches will be made, by women in three years, as by men in seven. To this Assembly every county and city in *England* shall send two members; but from this privilege I would utterly exclude every borough, as we shall presently see that they can have no business to transact there. But as I would have their number at least equal to that of the other Parliament, the deficiency

ciency should be supplied by the squares and great streets at the court end of the town, each of which should be represented by one of their own inhabitants. In humble imitation of the Houses of Lords and Commons, the ladies of peers (whether spiritual or temporal) should sit here in their own right, the others by election only; any woman to be qualified, whose husband, or even whose father (for I would by no means exclude the unmarried ladies) is qualified to be chosen into the other. In the same manner, whatever entitles the husband or father to vote at that election, should entitle his wife or daughter to vote at this.

HAVING settled this point, it now remains to adjust the subjects which they are to treat of; and these we shall find to be, indeed, of the last importance. What think you, Sir, of the rise and fall of fashions, of as much consequence to them as the rise and fall of kingdoms is to us? of the commencing a new acquaintance, equivalent to our making a new alliance? and adjusting the ceremonial of a rout or a ball, as interesting as the preliminaries of a treaty or a congress? These subjects, and these alone, will sufficiently employ them every session; and as their judgment must be final, how delightful will it be to

have bills brought in to determine, how many inches of the leg or neck may lawfully be exposed, how many curtsies at a public place amount to an acquaintance, and what are the precise privileges of birth or fortune, that entitle the possessors to give routs or drums, on week-days or on sundays. Whoever should presume to transgress against these laws, might be punished suitably to their offences; and be banished from public places, or condemned to do penance in linsey-woolsey: or if any female should be convicted of immodesty, she might be outlawed; and then (as these laws would not bind the nymphs of *Drury*) we should easily distinguish a *modest woman*, as the phrase is, if not by her looks, at least by her dress and appearance; and the victorious *Fanny* might then be suffered to strike bold strokes, without rivalry or imitation. If any man too should be found so grossly offending against the laws of fashion, as to refuse a member a bow at a play or a salute at a wedding, how suitably would he be punished by being reprimanded on his knees in such an assembly, and by so fine a woman, as we may suppose the speaker would be? Then doubtless would a grand committee sit on the affair of hoops; and were they established in their present form by proper authority, doors and boxes might be altered and enlarged accordingly:

Then

Then should we talk as familiarly of the visit bill as of the marriage bill ; and with what pleasure should we peruse the regulations of the committee of dress ? Every lover of decorum would be pleased to hear, that refractory females were taken into custody by the usher of the black fan : The double return of a visit would occasion as many debates as the double return for a certain county ; and at the eve of an election, how pretty would it be to see the ladies of the shire going about, mounted on their white palfreys, and canvassing for votes.

'TILL this great purpose is attained, I see not how the visible enormities in point of dress, and failures in point of ceremony, can effectually be prevented. But then, and not before, I shall hope to see politeness and good breeding distinguished from formality and affectation, and dresses invented that will improve, not diminish the charms of the fair, and rather become than disguise the wearers.

I am, S I R, yours, &c:

TIMOTHY CANVASS.

I AM much obliged to my correspondent for his letter, and heartily wish that this Scheme

was carried into execution. The liberties daily taken in point of dress demand proper restrictions. The ancients settled their national habit by law: but the dress of our own country is so very fluctuating, that if the great grandmothers of the present generation were to arise, they would not be able to guess at their posterity from their dress, but would fancy themselves in a strange country. As these affairs fall more immediately under the cognizance of the ladies, the female world in general would soon be sensible of the advantages, accruing from a Female Parliament: and though ladies of fashion might probably claim some peculiar liberties in dress by their privilege, it might naturally be expected, that this wise assembly would at least keep the rest of the sex in order; nor suffer enormous hoops to spread themselves across the whole pavement, to the detriment of all honest men going upon business along the street; nor permit the chandler's wife to retail half-quarterns from behind the counter, in a short stomacher and without an handkerchief.

I AM aware, that a considerable objection may be brought against this Scheme: to wit, that a Female Parliament (like those of the men) may be subject to corruption, and made dependant on a court. The enormous *Elizabeth Ruff*, and the
aukward

awkward Queen of *Scots Mob*, are fatal instances of the evil influence, which courts have upon fashions: and as no one can tell the power, which a *British Queen* might have over the councils of a Female Parliament, future ages might perhaps see the stays bolstered out into hump-backs, or the petticoats let down to conceal a bandy leg, from the same servile complaisance which warped the necks of *Alexander's* courtiers.

BUT though a Parliament on the foregoing Scheme has not yet taken place, an institution of the like nature has been contrived among that order of females, who (as I mentioned in a former paper) advertise for gentlemen to *play at cards* with them. The reader may remember, that some time ago an advertisement appeared in the public papers, from the *Covent-Garden Society*; in which it was set forth, that one of their members was voted *common*. This very Society is composed of these Agreeable Young Ladies, whose business it is to *play at cards* with those gentlemen, who have good-nature and fortune sufficient to sit down contented with being losers. It is divided, like the upper and lower Houses of Parliament, into *Ladies* and *Commons*. The upper order of *Card-players* take their seats

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according

according to the rank of those who game at high stakes with them; while the *Commons* are made up of the lower sort of gamblers within the hundreds of *Drury* and *Covent-Garden*. Every one is obliged to pay a certain tax out of her *Card-money*; and the revenue arising from it is applied to the levying of hoop-petticoats, sacks, petenlairs, caps, handkerchiefs, aprons, &c. to be issued out nightly, according to the exigence and degree of the members. Many revolutions have happened in this Society since its institution: A *Commoner* in the space of a few weeks has been called up to the House of Ladies; and another, who at first sat as Peerefs, has been suddenly degraded, and voted *common*.

MORE particulars of this Society have not come to my knowledge: but their design seems to be, to erect a Common-wealth of themselves, and to rescue their liberties from being invaded by those, who have presumed to tyrannize over them. If this practice of playing their own cards, and shuffling for themselves, should generally prevail among all the Agreeable Young Gamesters of *Covent-Garden*, I am concerned to think what will become of the venerable sisterhood of *Douglass*, *Haddock*, and *Noble*, as well as the fraternity of *Harris*, *Derry*, and the rest of those gentlemen

gentlemen, who have hitherto acted as Groom-Porters, and had the principal direction of the game. From such a combination it may greatly be feared, that the honourable profession of Pimp will, in a short time, become as useless, as that of a Fleet-Parson.

NUMB. L. *Thursday, January 9, 1755.*

— — — — — Vitæ
 Percipit humanos odium, lucisque videndæ,
 Ut sibi consciscant mærenti pectore lethum.

LUCRET.

*O deaf to Nature, and to Heav'n's command!—
 Against Thyself to lift the murder'ring hand?
 O damnd despair!—to shun the living light,
 And plunge thy guilty soul in endless night!*

THE last sessions deprived us of the only surviving member of a Society, which (during it's short existence) was equal both in principles and practice to the *Mobocks* and *Hell-Fire-Club* of tremendous memory. This Society was composed of a few broken gamesters and desperate young rakes, who threw the small remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common stock, and thence assumed the name of the
 Last

Last Guinea Club. A short life and a merry one was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances should be quite exhausted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good run at cards, and others by snapping up a rich heiress or a dowager; while the rest, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very resolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the pistol. The last that remained of this Society had very calmly prepared for his own execution: he had cocked his pistol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was just going to pull the trigger, when he bethought himself, that he could employ it to better purpose upon *Hounslow Heath*. This brave man, however, had but a very short respite; and was obliged to suffer the ignominy of going out of the world in the vulgar way, by an halter.

THE enemies of play will perhaps consider those gentlemen, who boldly stake their whole fortunes at the gaming-table, in the same view with these desperadoes; and they may even go so far, as to regard the polite and honourable assembly at *White's*, as a kind of Last Guinea Club. Nothing, they will say, is so fluctuating

as the property of a gamester, who (when luck runs against him) throws away whole acres at every cast of the dice, and whose houses are as unsure a possession, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to the Last Guinea at this genteel gaming-house; but the most inveterate enemies to *White's* must allow, that it is but now and then, that a gamester of quality, who looks upon it as an even bet, whether there is another world, takes his chance, and dispatches himself, when the odds are against him in this.

BUT however free the gentlemen of *White's* may be from any imputation of this kind, it must be confessed, that Suicide begins to prevail so generally, that it is the most gallant exploit, by which our modern heroes chuse to signalize themselves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon prowess. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmost resolution: some blow their brains out with a pistol; some expire, like *Socrates*, by poison; some fall, like *Cato*, on the point of their own swords; and others, who have lived like *Nero*, affect to die like *Seneca*, and bleed to death. The most exalted geniuses I ever remember to have heard of, were a party of reduced gamesters, who
bravely

bravely resolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his usual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himself, and coolly questioned them, which they thought the genteelest method of going out of the world. There is, indeed, as much difference between a mean person and a man of quality in their manner of destroying themselves, as in their manner of living. The poor sneaking wretch, starving in a garret, tucks himself up in his list garters; a second, crost in love, drowns himself, like a blind puppy, in *Rosamond's Pond*; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of fashion almost always dies by a pistol; and even the cobbler of any spirit goes off by a dose or two extraordinary of gin.

FROM the days of *Plato* down to these, a Suicide has always been compared to a soldier on guard deserting his post; but I should rather consider a set of these desperate men, who rush on certain death, as a body of troops sent out on the Forlorn Hope. This false courage, however noble it may appear to the desperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the resolution of the highwayman, who shoots himself with his own pistol, when he finds it impossible to avoid being

being taken. All practicable means, therefore, should be devised to extirpate such absurd bravery, and to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous. Every man in his sober senses must wish, that the most severe laws that could possibly be contrived were enacted against Suicides. This shocking bravado never did (and I am confident never will) prevail among the more delicate and tender sex in our own nation: though history informs us, that the *Roman* ladies were once so infatuated as to throw off the softness of their nature, and commit violence on themselves, 'till the madness was curbed, by exposing their naked bodies in the public streets. This, I think, would afford an hint for fixing the like marks of ignominy on our Male-Suicides; and I would have every lower wretch of this sort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the most public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But that the Suicide of quality might be treated with more respect, he should be indulged in having his wounded corpse and shattered brains lay (as it were) in state for some days; of which dreadful spectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by *Dryden*, in one of his Fables.

The

*The SLAYER OF HIMSELF too saw I there;
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair :
With eyes half clos'd, and mouth wide ope he lay,
And grim as when he breath'd his fullen soul away.*

The common murderer has his skeleton preserved at *Surgeon's-Hall* in order to deter others from being guilty of the same crime ; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-house set apart to receive the bones of these more unnatural Self-Murderers, in which monuments should be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious ensigns of their rashness, the rope, the knife, the sword, or the pistol.

FROM reading the public prints a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the most lunatic people in the whole world. Almost every day informs us, that the coroner's inquest has sat on the body of some miserable Suicide, and brought in their verdict *Lunacy* ; but it is very well known, that the inquiry has not been made into the state of mind of the deceased, but into his fortune and family. The law has indeed provided, that the deliberate Self-Murderer should be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial : but among hundreds of *Lunatics by purchase*,

I never

I never knew this sentence executed but on one poor cobbler, who hanged himself in his own stall. A pennyless poor wretch, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges, may perhaps be excluded the church-yard; but Self-Murder by a pistol genteely mounted, or the *Paris*-hilted sword, qualifies the polite owner for a *sudden death*, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument setting forth his virtues, in *Westminster-Abby*.

THE cause of these frequent Self-Murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution; and *Englishmen* must necessarily shoot, hang, and drown themselves in *November*. That our spirits are in some measure influenced by the air, cannot be denied; but we are not such mere Barometers, as to be driven to despair and death by the small degree of gloom, that our winter brings with it. If we have not so much sunshine as some countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear, that men dispatch themselves by dozens in *Russia* or *Sweden*, or that they are unable to keep up their spirits even in the total darkness of *Greenland*. Our climate exempts us from many
diseases

diseases, to which other more southern nations are naturally subject; and I can never be persuaded, that being born near the North-pole is a physical cause for Self-Murder.

DESPAIR, indeed, is the natural cause of these shocking actions; but this is commonly despair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. These first involve men in difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I see a young profligate wantonly squandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at last induc'd to kill himself by motives arising from his vices, I consider him as dying of some disease, which those vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poisoned by his wines, or surfeited by a favourite dish; and if he has thrown away his estate in bawdy-houses, I conclude him destroyed by rottenness and filthy diseases.

ANOTHER real and principal cause of the frequency of Suicide is the noble spirit of Free-thinking, which has diffused itself among all ranks
of

of people. The libertine of fashion has too refined a taste to trouble himself at all about a soul or an hereafter : but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his bible, and labours to persuade himself out of his religion. For this purpose he attends constantly at the Disputant Societies, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free-agency, and predestination, 'till at length he is convinced, that man is at liberty to do as he pleases, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himself that he was inevitably destined to be tyed up in his own garters. The courage of these heroes proceeds from the same principles; whether they fall by their own hands, or those of *Jack Ketch*: The Suicide of whatever rank looks death in the face without shrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an easy unconcern under *Tyburn*, throws away the psalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and swings like a gentleman.

IF this madness should continue to grow more and more epidemical, it will be expedient to have a Bill of Suicide, distinct from the common Bill of Mortality, brought in yearly; in which should be set down the number of Suicides, their methods of destroying themselves, and the likely causes of their doing so. In this, I believe, we
 should

should find but few martyrs to the weather ; but their deaths would commonly be imputed to despair, produced by some causes similar to the following. In the little sketch of a Bill of Suicide underneath, I have left blanks for the date of the year, as well as for the number of Self-Murderers, their manner of dying, &c. which would naturally be filled up by the proper persons, if ever this scheme should be put in execution.

A Bill of SUICIDE for the Year ———

Of Newmarket Races - - - -	✦	Of a Tour through France
Of Kept Mistresses - - - -	✦	and Italy - - - - -
Of Electioneering - - - - -	✦	Of Lord Bolingbroke - -
Of Lotteries - - - - -	✦	Of the Robin Hood Society
Of French Claret, French Lace,	✦	Of an Equipage - - - - -
French Cooks, and French	✦	Of a Dog-Kennel - - - - -
Disease - - - - -	✦	Of Covent-Garden - - - -
Of WHITE'S - - - - -	✦	Of Plays, Operas, Concerts,
Of Chinese Temples, &c. - -	✦	Masquerades, Routs,
Of a Country Seat - - - - -	✦	Drums, &c. - - - - -
Of a Town House - - - - -	✦	Of keeping the best Com-
Of Fortune Hunting - - - - -	✦	pany - - - - -

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NUMB.

NUMB. LI. *Thursday, January 16, 1755.*

Adde quòd absumunt vires, pereuntque labore :
 Adde quòd alterius sub nutu degitur ætas.
 Labitur interea res, et vadimonia fiunt,
 Languent officia, atque ægrotat fama vacillans.

LUCRET.

*When haughty mistresses our souls enthrall,
 They waste our strength, our fortune, fame, and all :
 Mortgage on mortgage loads the bankrupt cull,
 Who gives up wealth and honour for a trull.*

SINCE pleasure is almost the only pursuit of a Fine Gentleman, it is very necessary, for the maintaining his consequence and character, that he should have a Girl in Keeping. Intriguing with women of fashion, and debauching tradesmen's daughters, naturally happen in the common course of gallantry ; but this convenient female, to fill up the intervals of business, is the principal mark of his superior taste and quality. Every priggish clerk to an attorney, or pert apprentice, can throw away his occasional guinea in *Covent-Garden* ; but the shortness of their finances will not permit them to persevere in debauchery with the air and spirit of a man of quality,

quality. The Kept Mistress, which those half-reprobates dare not think of, is a constant part of the retinue of a complete Fine Gentleman; and is, indeed, as indispensable a part of his equipage, as a *French Valet de chambre*, or a four-wheel'd post-chaise.

IT was formerly the fashion among the ladies to keep a monkey. At that time every woman of quality thought herself obliged to follow the mode; and even the merchants wives in the city had their fashionable pugs, to play tricks and break china. A Girl in Keeping is as disagreeable to some of our men of pleasure, as pug was to some ladies; but they must have one to spend money and do mischief, that they may be reckoned young fellows of spirit. Hence it happens, that many gentlemen maintain girls, who in fact are little more than their nominal mistresses; for they see them as seldom, and behave to them with as much indifference, as if they were their wives: however, as the woman in a manner bears their name, and is maintained by them, they may appear in the world with the genteel character of a Keeper. I have known several gentlemen take great pains to heighten their reputation in this way; and turn off a first mistress, merely because she was not sufficiently known,

known, for the sake of a celebrated woman of the town, a dancer, or an actress: and it is always the first step of an *Englishman* of fashion after his arrival at *Paris*, to take one of the *Filles d'Opera* under his protection. It was but the other day, that *Florio* went abroad, and left his girl to roll about the town in a chariot, with an unlimited order on his banker; and almost as soon as he got to *France*, took a smart girl off the stage, to make as genteel a figure at *Paris*. In short, as a gentleman keeps running horses, goes to *White's*, and gets into parliament, for the name of the thing; so must he likewise have his Kept Mistress, because it is the fashion: and I was mightily pleased with hearing a gentleman once boast, that he lived like a man of quality—
 “For, says he, I have a post-chaise, and never
 “ride in it; I have a wife, and never see her;
 “and I keep a mistress, and never lie with her.”

BUT if these sort of Keepers, who never care a farthing for their mistresses, are to be laughed at, those who are really fond of their *Dulcineas* are to be pitied. The most hen-pecked husband, that ever bore the grievous yoke of a shrew, is not half so miserable, as a man who is subject to the humours and unaccountable caprice of a cunning slut, who finds him in her power. Her

VOL II. G behaviour

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behaviour will continually give him new occasion of jealousy; and perhaps she will really dispense her favours to every rake in town, that will bid up to her price. She will smile, when she wants money; be insolent, when she does not; and, in short, leave no artifice untried, to plague his heart, and drain his pocket.

A FRIEND of mine used constantly to rail at the slavish condition of married men, and the tyranny of petticoat government: he therefore prudently resolved to live an uncontrouled batchelor, and for that reason pitched upon a country girl, who should serve him as an handmaid. Determining to keep her in a very snug and retired manner, he had even calculated, how much she would save him in curtailing his ordinary expences at taverns and bagnios: but this scheme of œconomy did not last long; for the artful jade soon contrived “to wind her close into his easy heart,” and inveigled him to maintain her in all the splendor and *eclat* of a first-rate lady of pleasure. He at first treated her with all the indifference of a fashionable husband: but as soon as she found herself to be entire mistress of his affections, it is surprising to think what pains she took, to bring him to the most abject compliance with all her whimsies, and to tame him to the patient thing

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he now is. A frown on his part would frequently cost him a brocade, and a tear from her was sure to extort a new handkerchief or an apron. Upon any slight quarrel——O she would leave him that moment;——and though the baggage had more cunning than to hazard an intrigue with any one else, she would work upon his jealousy by continually twitting him with—She knew a gentleman, who would scorn to use her so barbarously,—and she would go to him,—if she could be sure she was not with child.——This last circumstance was a *coup de reserve*, which never failed to bring about a reconciliation: nay, I have known her make great use of breeding qualms upon occasion; and things were once come to such an extremity, that she was even forced to have recourse to a sham miscarriage to prevent their separation. He has often been heard to declare, that if he ever had a child by her, it should take its chance at the *Foundling-Hospital*. He had lately an opportunity of putting this to a trial: but the bare hinting such a barbarous design threw the lady into hysterics. However, he was determined, that the babe, as soon as it was born, should be put out to nurse,—he hated the squall of children. Well! madam was brought to bed: she could not bear the dear infant out of her sight; and it would kill her not

to suckle it herself. The father was therefore obliged to comply; and an acquaintance caught him the other morning, stirring the pap, holding the clouts before the fire, and (in a word) dwindled into a mere nurse.

SUCH is the transformation of this *Kind Keeper*, whose character is still more ridiculous than that of a *Fondlewife* among husbands. The amours, indeed, of these fond souls commonly end one of these two ways: they either find themselves deserted by their mistress, when she has effectually ruined their constitution and estate; or after as many years cohabitation, as would have tired them of a wife, they grow so doatingly fond of their whore, that by marriage they make her an honest woman, and perhaps a lady of quality.

BUT the most unpardonable sort of Keepers are Married Men, and Old Men. I will give the reader a short sketch of each of these characters, and leave him to judge for himself.

CYNTHIO about two years ago was married to *Clarinda*, one of the finest women in the world. Her temper and disposition was as agreeable as her person, and her chief endeavour was to please her husband. But *Cynthia's* folly and vanity soon
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got the better of his constancy and gratitude; and it was not six months after his marriage, before he took a girl he was formerly acquainted with into keeping. His dear *Polly* uses him like a dog; and he is cruel enough to revenge the ill-treatment he receives from her upon his wife. He seldom visits her, but when his wench has put him out of humour; and once, though indeed unknowingly, communicated to her a filthy disease, for which he was obliged to his mistress. Yet is he still so infatuated as to doat on this vile hussy, and wishes it in his power to annul his marriage, and legitimate his bastards by *Polly*. Though it is palpable to every one but *Cynthia*, that *Polly* has no attraction but the name of Mistress, and *Clarinda* no fault but being his Wife.

SIR *Thrifty Gripe* is arrived at his grand climacteric, and has just taken a girl into keeping. "Till very lately the multiplication-table was his rule of life, and "a penny saved is a penny got" was his favourite maxim. But he has suddenly deserted *Wingate* for *Rochester*, and the 'Change for *Covent-Garden*. Here he met with the buxom *Charlotte*, who at once opened his heart and his purse, and soon began to scatter his guineas in paying her debts, and supplying her fresh expences. Her equipage is as genteel and

elegant as that of a duchess; and the wise men in the *Alley* shake their heads at Sir *Thrifty* as the greatest spendthrift in town. Sir *Thrifty* was formerly married to a merchant's daughter, who brought him a fortune of 20,000*l*. but after she had two sons by him, he sent her into the North of *Wales* to live cheap, and prevent the probable expence of more children. His sons were obliged to an uncle for education; and Sir *Thrifty* now scarce allows them enough to support them. His mistress and he almost always appear together at public places, where she constantly makes a jest of him, while the old dotard dangles at her elbow, like *January* by the side of *May*. Thus Sir *Thrifty* lives, cursed by his own sons, jilted by his mistress, and laughed at by the rest of the world.

It is very diverting to observe the shifts, to which persons in middling or low life are reduced, in order to bear this new incumbrance, with which they sometimes chuse to load themselves. The extravagance of a girl has put many a clerk on defrauding his master, sent many a distressed gentleman's watch to the pawnbroker's, and his cloaths to *Monmouth-Street*, as well as the poor gentleman himself to the gaming-table, or perhaps to *Hounslow-Heath*. I know a templar, who always keeps a girl for the first month after-

he

he receives his allowance; at the end of which his poverty obliges him to discard her, and live on mutton-chops and porter for the rest of the quarter: and it was but lately, that my mercer discovered his apprentice, to be concerned with two others in an association, for maintaining one trull common to the whole three.

THIS review of one of the chief sources of extravagance, in the higher and middling walks of life, will help us to account for the frequent mortgages and distresses in families of fashion, and the numerous bankruptcies in trade. Here also I cannot help observing, that in this case, the misbehaviour of the women is, in a great measure, to be charged to the men: for how can it be expected, that a lady should take any pleasure in discharging the domestic duties of a wife, when she sees her husband's affections placed abroad? Nothing, indeed, can be advanced in vindication of loose conduct in the fair sex; but considering our modern morals, it is surely not much to be wondered at, when the husband openly affronts his family by keeping a wench, if the wife also takes care to provide herself a gallant.

O

NUMB. LII. Thursday, January 23, 1755.

Quem si puellarum infereres choro,

Mire sagaces falleret hospites

Discrimen obscurum, solutis

Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu.

HOR.

In form so delicate, so soft his skin,

So fair in feature, and so smooth his chin,

Quite to unman him nothing wants but this;

Put him in coats, and he's a very Miss.

— — — Non illa colo calathiferae Minervae
Femineas assueta manus.

VIRG.

See the She-Rake her softer sex disown:

The breeches more become her than the gown.

I AM persuaded, that my readers will agree with me in thinking, that the writers of the following letters ought to change cloaths; since, as the case stands at present, the one seems to be a Pretty Miss in breeches, and the other a Blood in petticoats.

 To Mr. T O W N.

S I R,

ROCKS, desarts, wilds, wastes, savages, and barbarians, make up the sum total of the odious country. I am just returned from a visit there; and would not pass another three weeks in the same way to be lord of the manor.

HAVING received frequent invitations from Sir *Sampson Five-bars*, and having heard much of the beauty of his three sisters, in an evil hour I took a resolution to sacrifice this *Christmas* to him at his seat in *Wiltshire*. I flattered myself with the hopes, that the novelty and oddness of the scene would serve me at least to laugh at; and that if the rustics were not mere stocks and stones, my cloaths and discourse would have taught them to talk and dress like human creatures. Need I tell you, that I was disappointed? Sir *Sampson* is what the country people call an hearty man: He has the shape and constitution of a porter, and is sturdy enough to encounter *Broughton* without mufflers; "when he speaks, thunder breaks;" he hunts almost every morning, and takes a toast and tankard for his breakfast. You may easily imagine, that what was pleasure to him must be

torture to me; and, indeed, I would as soon draw in a mill, or carry a chair for my diversion, as follow any of their horrid country amusements. But Sir *Sampson*, out of his abundant good-nature, insisted on lending me a gun, and shewing me a day's sport of shooting. For this purpose he loaded me with an huge gun, threw a bag and pouch across my shoulders, and made me look for all the world like *Robinson Crusoe*. After I had followed him, through woods, and thickets, and briars and brambles, a servant, who was with us, hollowed out, *Mark!* when the baronet's gun went off so suddenly, that it threw me into a swoon; and at last I could hardly be convinced, that Sir *Sampson* had shot nothing but a woodcock.

AFTER this you will conclude, that I was not to be prevailed on to hunt. Once, indeed, Miss *Fanny* did tempt me to accompany her on a morning-ride; but even of this I heartily repented. Miss *Fanny*, I found, valued neither hedge nor ditch, has the strength of a chair-woman, and in short is more like *Trulla* in *Hudibras*, or *Boadicia* in the play, than a woman of fashion. Unluckily too, the Horse I rode was skittish and unruly; so that while I was scampering after Miss *Fanny*, a sudden start brought me

to the ground. I received no hurt; but the fall so fluttered my spirits, that Miss *Fanny* was obliged to take me up behind her. When we arrived at the house, I was in the utmost confusion; for the booby servants stood gaping and grinning at my distress, and Sir *Sampson* himself told me, with a laugh as horrible as *Caliban's*, that he would lend me one of his maids, to carry me out airing every morning.

BESIDES these and fifty other mortifications, I could scarce get any rest during the whole time I remained there; every other morning I was constantly waked by the hungry knight, just returned from the chase and bawling for dinner. My breakfast was what they called their afternoon tea, at which I always assisted the ladies; for I should infallibly have perished, had I staid in the hall, amidst the jargon of toasts and the fumes of tobacco. I thought, indeed, my time might be much more agreeably employed in the parlour; but even here my disappointment was grievous past expression. These fair ones, for such they were, were hale indeed and ruddy; and having been always cooped up, like turkeys in a pen, were really no better than *belles sauvages*, being totally ignorant of the genteel airs and languishing *delicatess* of women of fashion.

Their cloaths were huddled on merely with a view to cover their nakedness; and they had no notion, that their eyes were given them for any other purpose than to see, and (what is more strange) to read, forsooth! For my part, Mr. TOWN, unless a woman can use her eyes to more advantage, I should as soon fall in love with my lap-dog or my monkey; and what constitutes the difference between a lady and her cookmaid, but her taste in dress? Mobs and handkerchiefs answer the end of covering, but the main purpose of dress is to reveal. I really almost begin to think, that these awkward creatures were so stupid and unaccountable, as to have no design upon me. To complete the oddity of their characters, these girls are constant at church, but never dreamed of promoting an intrigue there; employ their whole time there in praying, never heard of such things as cut fans, and are so attentive to the queer old put of a preacher, that they scarce look or listen to any one else. After service too the doctor is always taken home to dinner, and is as constant at table on Sunday as a roast surloin and a plumb-pudding.

BUT even with these unaaccountable females, I thought I could have passed my evenings tolerably,

rably, if I could have got them to cards, which have the charming faculty of rendering all women equally agreeable. But these, I found, they were almost wholly unaccustomed to. I once, indeed, heard the dear cards mentioned, and was in hopes of something like an assembly. But what was my mortification! when, instead of seeing half a dozen card-tables, &c. set out, and whist, brag, or lansquenet going forward, I saw these strange women place themselves at an huge round table, with country girls and cherry-cheek'd bumkins, to play, according to annual *Christmas* custom, at Pope Joan and Snip-snap-snorum.

It would be endless to recount the miseries I suffered in those three weeks. Even the necessities of life were denied me; and I could scarce have been more at a loss among the *Hottentots*. Would you think it, Sir? though this house had a family in it, and a family of females too, not a drop of Benjamin-wash, nor a dust of almond-powder could be procured there, nor indeed in all the parish; and I was forced to scrub my hands with filthy wash-ball, which so ruined their complexion, that laying in dog-skin gloves will not recover them this fortnight. Add to this, that I never could dress for want of pomatum, so that my hair was always in *disbrevelle*; and I

am sure, I should not have been known at the *Dilettanti*. At length, Sir, my snuff and salts were pretty nigh exhausted; and to add to my distress, I lost my snuff-box. These losses were irreparable there; not all the country afforded such snuff and salts as mine; I could as soon live without food as without either; and not a box could I touch but one of *Deard's*, and of my own chusing. So I hurried up to town; and being just recovered from the fatigue of my journey I send you this, in hopes that my woeful experience will deter all my friends, from following a chase as mad and hair-brained as any of Sir *Sampson's*; since it is impossible to exist a day there with tolerable ease, and neither wit nor beauty are worth one pinch, unless they are improved by a Town Education.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

DILLY DIMPLE.

My other correspondent, by the familiarity of her address, must, I am sure, be a *Woman of Fashion*.

DEAR

DEAR TOWN!

DID I know your Christian name I would call you by it, to shew you at first setting out, that I know the world, and was born and bred in high life.

THE design of this epistle is to express to you the uneasiness, that some of us women of spirit feel at being incumbered with petticoats; and to convince you, by our way of life, that had we been men, we should have been Bucks of the first head. Be assured, however, that such of us as are unmarried are strictly virtuous. We have, indeed, been accused of copying the dress of the nymphs of *Drury*. And can any thing be invented more becoming? *Fanny*, it must be owned, has Taste. What so smart as a cocked hat? And who but sees the advantages of short petticoats, unless it be some squire's aukward daughter, who never yet heard of a *Poloneze*, and never accidentally shews her leg without blushing?

IT is true, this similitude in dress now and then occasions some droll mistakes. In the park the joke has been sometimes carried so far, I have been obliged to call the sentry: and how did a young Templar start and stare, when, having

having just made an appointment with him, he saw me step into a chair adorned with coronets!

IF you frequent *Ranelagh*, you must undoubtedly have seen or heard me there. I am always surrounded with a croud of fellows; and my voice and laugh is sure to be the loudest, especially while *Beard* is singing. One is my dear lord, another my sweet colonel; and the rest I call *Tom*, or *Dick*, or *Harry*, as I would their footmen. At the play I always enter in the first act. All the eyes of the house are turned upon me. I am quite composed. Before I am settled, the act is over; and to some I nod or curtsy, with others I talk and laugh, 'till the curtain falls.

WHAT would I give to change my sex! *Entre nous*, I have a strong inclination to see the world in masquerade. If you love me, keep it secret; and should you hear of any prank more wild and buckish than usual, conclude it to be played by me in men's cloaths.

Yours, as you mind me,

HARRIOT HARE-BRAIN.

NUMB.

NUMB. LIII. Thursday, January 30, 1755.

— — — Aconita bibuntur. Juy,

*Drams are our bairn, since Poisons lurk within,
And some by Cordials fall, and some by Gin.*

NOTHING is more natural, than for the quacks of all professions to recommend their wares to those persons, who are most likely to stand in need of them. Thus Mrs. Giles very properly acquaints the fair sex, that she sells her fine compound, for taking off superfluous hairs, at a guinea an ounce; and ladies of quality are constantly informed, where they may be furnished with the newest brocades, or the choicest variety of *Chelsea-China* figures for deserts. It is also very necessary, that the *beau monde* should be acquainted, that *Eau de Luce* may be had here in *England*, the same as at *Paris*: But I must own, I was very much surpris'd at seeing repeated advertisements in the papers from the "*Rich Cordial Warehouse*," introduced by an address "TO THE PEOPLE OF FASHION." I cannot but look upon this as a libel on our persons of distinction; and I know not whether it may not be

be construed into *scandalum magnatum*; as it tacitly insinuates, that our Right Honourables are no better than Dram-drinkers.

THERE is a well-known story of the famous *Rabelais*, that having a mind to impose on the curiosity of his landlord, he filled several vials with an innocent liquor, and tied labels to them, on which was written—Poison for the King,—Poison for the Dauphin—Poison for the Prime Minister—and for all the principal courtiers. The same might be said of these Rich Cordial Liquors; which, however they may recommend themselves to the People of Fashion by their foreign titles and extraction, are to be considered as poisons in masquerade: and instead of the pompous names of *Eau d'Or*, *Eau Divine*, and the like, I would have labels fixed on the bottles (in imitation of *Rabelais*) with—Poison for my Lord Duke,—Poison for the Viscount,—Poison for the Countess.

WE live, indeed, in so polite an age, that nothing goes down with us, but what is either imported from *France* and *Italy*, or dignified with a foreign appellation. Our dress must be entirely *à la mode de Paris*; and I will venture to ensure great success to the *Monsieur* taylor, who tells us in the public papers, that he has just been to

France

France to see the newest fashions. A dinner is not worth eating, if not served up by a *French* cook; our wines are of the same country; and the Dram-drinkers of fashion are invited to comfort their spirits with Rich Cordials from *Chamberry*, *Neuilly*, and *l'Isle de Rhè*. A plain man must undoubtedly smile at the alluring names, which are given to many of these *liqueurs*; nor is it possible to guess at their composition from their titles. The virtues as well as the intent, of Viper Water may be well known: but who would imagine, that *Flora Granata*, or *Belle de Nuit* should be intended only to signify a Dram? For my own part, I should rather have taken *Maraschino* for an *Italian* Fidler, and have concluded, that *Jacomonoodi* was no other than an Opera-singer.

BUT Dram-drinking, however different in the phrase, is the same in the practice, in every station of life; and sipping Rich Cordials is no less detestable, than in the vulgar idiom Bunging your eye. What signifies it, whether we muddle with *Eau de Millefleurs* or plain Aniseed? or whether we fetch our Drams from the Rich Cordial Warehouse, or the Blackamoor and Still? The lady of St. *James's*, who paints her face with frequent applications of Coffee or Chocolate

Chocolate Water, looks as hideous as the trollop of St. *Giles's*, who has laid on the same colours by repeated half quarters of *Gin Royal*. There are many customs among the great, which are also practised by the lower sort of people: and if persons of fashion wrap up their Drams in the disguise of a variety of specious titles, in this too they are rivalled by the vulgar. Madam *Gin* has been christened by as many names, as a *German* princess; every petty chandler's shop will sell you *Sky-blue*, and every night-cellar furnish you with *Holland Tape*, three yards a penny. Nor can I see the difference between *Oil of Venus*, *Spirit of Adonis*, and *Parfait Amour*, for the use of our quality, and what among the vulgar is called *Cupid's Eye-water*, *Strip me naked*, and *Lay me down softly*.

To these elegant and genteel appellations it is, perhaps, chiefly owing, that Drams are not confined merely to the vulgar, but are in esteem among all ranks of people, and especially among the ladies. Many a good woman, who would start at the very mention of *Strong Waters*, cannot conceive there can be any harm in a *Cordial*. And as the fair sex are more particularly subject to a depression of spirits, it is no wonder, that they should convert their

apothecaries

apothecaries shops into Rich Cordial Ware-houses, and take Drams by way of physic; as the common people make Gin serve for meat, drink, and cloaths. The ladies perhaps may not be aware, that every time they have recourse to their Hartshorn or Lavender Drops, to drive away the vapours, they in effect take a Dram: and they may be assured, that their Cholic, Surfeit, and Plague Waters are to be ranked among spirituous liquors, as well as the common stuff at the Gin-shop. The College of Physicians, in their last review of the *London Dispensatory*, for this very reason expelled the Strong Water, generally known by the soothing name of Hysteric Water; because it was a lure to the female sex to dram it by authority, and to get tipply *secundum artem*.

IF any of my fair readers have at all given into this pernicious practice of Dram-drinking, I must intreat them to leave it off betimes, before it has taken such hold of them, as they can never shake off. For the desire of Drams steals upon them, and grows to be habitual, by imperceptible degrees: as those, who are accustomed to take Opiates, are obliged to encrease the dose gradually, and at last cannot sleep without it. The following letter may serve to convince them of the

the deplorable situation of a lady, who covers her drinking under the pretence of mending her constitution.

TO MR. TOWN.

S I R,

I HAVE the misfortune to be married to a poor sickly creature, who labours under a complication of disorders, and which nothing can relieve but a continued course of Strong Liquors; though, poor woman! she would not else touch a Dram for the world. Sometimes she is violently troubled with the tooth-ach, and then she is obliged to hold a glass of Rum in her mouth, to numb the pain: at other times she is seized with a racking fit of the cholic, and nothing will so soon give her ease as some right *Holland's Gin*. She has the gout in her constitution; and whenever she feels a twitch of it, the only thing is sheer Brandy, to keep it from her head: but this is sometimes too cold for her, and she is forced to drive it out of her stomach with true *Irish Usquebaugh*. She is never free from the vapours, notwithstanding she is continually drinking Hartshorn and Water: and ever since she miscarried, she is so hysterical in the night-time, that she never lies without a Cordial-
Water

Water bottle by her bedside. I have paid the apothecary above fifty pounds for her in one year; and his bill is laced down with nothing but Drops, Pepper-Mint Water, and the Cordial Draught repeated.

HER very diet must always be made *heartening*; otherwise it will do her no good. Tea would make her low-spirited, except she was to qualify every dish with a large spoonful of Rum. She has a glass of Mountain with Bitters an hour before dinner to get her an appetite; and her stomach is so poor, that when she is at table, she must force every bit down with a Glass of Madeira. We usually have a tiff of Punch together in the evening: but the acid would gripe her, and the water keep her awake all the night, if it was not made *comfortable* with more than an equal portion of Spirit.

BUT notwithstanding the grievous complaints she hourly labours under, she is very hale; and her complexion is, to all appearance, as healthy and florid, as a milk-maid's: except, indeed, that her nose and forehead are subject to red pimples, blotches, and breakings out, which the apothecary tells me are owing to a kind of a *phlogistic* humour in her blood. For my part, considering

considering the quantity of combustibles she continually pours down, I should imagine the fire in her stomach would kindle a flame in her countenance; and I should not wonder, if she looked as horrible, as those who hang their face over a bowl of Burnt Brandy at Snap-Dragon.

I am, S I R, your humble servant,

TIMOTHY NOGGAN.

T

NUMB. LIV. *Thursday, February 6, 1755.*

Lusit amabiliter, donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cæpit jocus. ——— HOR.

*Frolicks, for men of spirit only fit,
Where rapes are jests, and murder is sheer wit.*

THE noblest exploit of a Man of the Town, the highest proof and utmost effort of his genius and pleasantry, is the FROLICK. This piece of humour consists in playing the most wild and extravagant pranks, that wantonness and debauchery can suggest; and is the distinguishing characteristic of the Buck and Blood. These facetious gentlemen, whenever Champagne has

has put them in spirits, sally out "flown with
"insolence and wine" in quest of adventures. At
such a time, the more harm they do, the more
they shew their wit; and their Frolicks, like the
mirth of a monkey, are made up of mischief.

THE Frolick formerly signified nothing more
than a piece of innocent mirth and gaiety: but
the modern sense of the word is much more
lively and spirited. The *Mobocks*, and the mem-
bers of the *Hell-Fire-Club*, the heroes of the last
generation, were the first, who introduced these
elevated Frolicks, and struck out mighty good
jokes from all kinds of violence and blasphemy.
The present race of Bucks commonly begin their
Frolick in a tavern, and end it in the round-
house; and during the course of it practise se-
veral mighty pretty pleasantries. There is a
great deal of humour in what is called *beating the
rounds*, that is in plain *English*, taking a tour of
the principal bawdy-houses: breaking lamps, and
skirmishes with watchmen, are very good jests;
and the insulting any dull sober fools, that are
quietly trudging about their business, or a rape
on a modest woman, are particularly facetious.
Whatever is in violation of all decency and order,
is an exquisite piece of wit: and in short, a Fro-
lick, and *playing the devil* bear the same explana-
tion in a modern glossary.

IT is surprising how much invention there is in these exploits, and how wine inspires these gentlemen with thoughts more extraordinary and sublime, than any sober man could ever have devised. I have known a whole company start from their chairs, and begin tilting at each other merely for their diversion. Another time these exalted geniuses have cast lots, which should be thrown out of the window; and at another, made a bonfire of their cloaths, and ran naked into the streets. I remember a little gentleman not above five feet high, who was resolved, merely for the sake of the Frolick, to lie with the Tall Woman; but the joke ended in his receiving a sound cudgeling from the hands of his *Thalestris*. It was no longer ago than last winter, that a party of jovial Templars set out an hour or two after midnight on a voyage to *Lisbon*, in order to get good Port. They took boat at the *Temple* stairs, and prudently laid in, by way of provisions, a cold venison pasty and two bottles of raspberry brandy: but when they imagined they were just arrived at *Gravesend*, they found themselves suddenly overfet in *Chelsea-Reach*, and very narrowly escaped being drowned. The most innocent Frolicks of these men of humour are carried on, in a literary way, by advertisements in the news-papers; with which they often

often amuse the town, and alarm us with bottle conjurers, and persons who will jump down their own throats. Sometimes they divert themselves by imposing on their acquaintance with fictitious intrigues, and putting modest women to the blush by describing them in the public papers. Once, I remember, it was the Frolick to call together all the wet nurses, that wanted a place; at another time, to summon several old women to bring their male tabby cats, for which they were to expect a considerable price; and not long ago, by the proffer of a curacy, they drew all the poor parsons to St. *Paul's* coffee-house, where the Bucks themselves sat in another box to smoke their rusty wigs and brown cassocks.

BUT the highest Frolick, that can possibly be put in execution, is a genteel murder; such as running a waiter through the body, knocking an old feeble watchman's brains out with his own staff, or taking away the life of some regular scoundrel, who has not spirit enough to whore and drink like a gentleman. The noblest Frolick of this kind I ever remember, happened a few years ago at a country town. While a party of Bucks were making a riot at an inn, and tossing the chairs and tables and looking-glasses into the

street, the landlady was indiscreet enough to come up stairs, and interrupt their merriment with her impertinent remonstrances; upon which they immediately threw her out of the window after her own furniture. News was soon brought of the poor woman's death; and the whole company looked upon it as a very droll accident, and gave orders that she should be charged in the bill.

THESE wild pranks are instances of great spirit and invention: but alas! the generality of mankind have no taste for humour. Few people care to have a sword in their ribs for the sake of the joke, or to be beat to mummy, or shot through the head, for the diversion of the good company. They sometimes imagine the jest is carried too far; and are apt to apply the words of the old fable, "It may be sport to you, but "it is death to us." For these reasons, a set of these merry gentlemen are as terrible, to the ordinary part of the world, as a troop of Banditti; and an affair, which has been thought very high fun in *Pall-Mall* or *Covent-Garden*, has been treated in a very serious manner at *Westminster-Hall* or the *Old-Bailey*. Our legislature has been absurd enough to be very careful of the lives of the lowest among the people; and the council
for

for an highwayman would sooner plead distress as an excuse for discharging his pistol, than mere wantonness and Frolick. Nor do the governments abroad entertain a better opinion of this sort of humour: for it is but a few years, since a gentleman on his travels, who was completing a Town Education by the polite tour, shot a waiter through the head; but the joke was so ill received that the gentleman was hanged within four and twenty hours. It would be advisable therefore for these gentlemen, since the taste of the age is so incorrigible, to lay aside this high-seasoned humour. For their pistol, as it were, recoils upon themselves; and since it may produce their own deaths, it would be more prudent not to draw their wit out of their scabbards.

OUR ladies of quality, who have at length adopted *French* manners with *French* fashions, and thrown off all starchness and reserve with the ruff and the fardingale, are very fond of a Frolick. I have, indeed, lately observed with great pleasure the commendable attempts of the other sex to shake off the shackles of custom; and I make no doubt, but a libertine lady will soon become a very common character. If their passion for Gaming continues to increase in the

same proportion that it has for some time past, we shall very soon meet with abundance of sharpers in petticoats; and it will be mentioned as a very familiar incident, that a party of female gamblers were seized by the constables at a gaming-table. I am also informed, that it is grown very common among the ladies to toast pretty fellows; and that they often amuse themselves with concerting schemes for an excellent Frolick. A Frolick is, indeed, the most convenient name in the world to veil an intrigue; and it is a great pity, that husbands and fathers should ever object to it. I can see no harm in a lady's going disguised to mob it in the gallery at the play-house: and could not but smile at the pretty innocent wanton, who carried the joke so far as to accompany a strange gentleman to a bagnio; but when she came there, was surprised to find, that he was fond of a Frolick as well as herself, and offered her violence. But I particularly admire the spirit of that lady, who had such true relish for a Frolick, as to go with her gallant to the masquerade, though she knew he had no breeches under his Domino.

I MOST heartily congratulate the fine ladies and gentlemen of the age on the spirit, with which they pursue their diversions; and I look upon a
bold

bold Frolick as the peculiar privilege of a person of fashion. The ladies undoubtedly see a great deal of pleasantry in an intrigue, and mimic the dress and manners of the courtesans very happily and facetiously; while the gentlemen, among many other new fancies, have made the old blunder of the Merry Andrew appear no longer ridiculous, and are mightily pleased with the *comical humours of a murder*. The Frolicks now in vogue will probably continue to be the amusements of the polite world for a long time: but whenever the fashion is about to vary, I beg leave to propose the Frolick recommended, if I remember right, to the Duke of Wharton by Dr. Swift. “When you are tired of your other Frolicks, I would have you take up the Frolick of BEING GOOD; and my word for it, you will find it the most agreeable Frolick you ever practised in your life.”

to find that he was fond of a Frolick, and offered her violence. But I could not but admire the spirit of that lady, who had such true relish for a Frolick, as to go with her gallant to the marketplace, though she knew he had no breeches under his Domino.

I most heartily congratulate the fine ladies and gentlemen of the age on the spirit, with which they pursue their diversions, and I look upon a

 NUMB. LV. *Thursday, February 13, 1755.*

— Nil obstat, Cöis tibi penè videre est
 Ut nudam, ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi:
 Metiri possis oculo latus. — — — HOR.

*The taper leg, slim waste, and lovely side
 Nor stays nor envious petticoats shall hide;
 But full in sight the tempting bosom swell,
 While Bucks with wonder view the Naked Belle.*

THERE once prevailed among us a sect called *The ADAMITES*, whose doctrine, like that of our present *Moravians*, was calculated to comfort the flesh as well as the spirit; and many things, generally accounted indecent and immodest, were with them regarded as principles of religion. The chief article maintained by this sect was, that it was proper, like our great forefather *Adam*, to go naked; and the proselytes to this faith came abroad in the public streets and open day-light without any cloathing. But this primitive simplicity did not agree with the notions of those degenerate days; and the *ADAMITES* were looked upon as an intolerable nuisance. Their religion, like all others, was soon attended with persecution; and some of the

converts

converts were dragged naked at the cart's tail, some set in the stocks, and others sent to *Bridewell*.

SINCE that remarkable period the male part of our species have been decently covered; but the female world has made several bold attempts to throw off the incumbrance of cloaths. Caps, handkerchiefs, tuckers, and modesty-pieces have been long discarded; and the ladies have continued every year to shed some other part of their dress, as useless and unornamental. But these are only half assertions of the female rights and natural liberty in comparision to the project, which, it is thought, will be ripe for execution by the summer. A set of ladies of the first fashion have agreed to found a sect of

E V I T E S,

who are to appear in public, with no other covering than the original Fig-leaf. The primitive simplicity of appearance will be restored; and though some may be censorious enough to imagine, that their confidence arises from very different principles, it may justly be said of our ladies of quality, as of our first parents before the Fall, "They are naked, and ARE NOT ASHAMED."

My country readers, and all those who live at a distance from the polite world, may perhaps look upon this scheme as merely fantastical and imaginary; but nothing is more true. The milliners are at this time very busy in making up artificial Fig-leaves, and adorning them according to the different fancies of the wearers. There is more taste displayed in contriving an elegant Fig-leaf, than has hitherto been exerted in forming a genteel sword-knot. Some have bunches of the gayest coloured ribbands dangling loosely from the stalk, others tassels of gold and silver-lace, and a few, designed for ladies of the highest distinction, bunches of diamonds. This and the *Pompon*, which it is said has been lately worn merely as a type of the Fig-leaf, will make up the common dress of the whole female world: but if ever the weather should be too severe for the ladies to appear (as *Bayes* expresses it) *in puris naturalibus*, they are to wear flesh-coloured silks with *Pompons* and Fig-leaves as usual.

THERE are perhaps persons who, as they still retain some of the leaven of decency in their composition, will be startled at this project. I must own, however, that it does not appear to me to be in the least extraordinary or surprising:
for,

for, considering the present dress of our women of fashion, there remains no further step to be taken, except absolute nakedness. The stays and petticoat have been so unmercifully pruned and cut away in order to discover latent beauties, that if those of the present mode were to fall into the hands of our distant posterity, they would conclude, that the present race of women must have been a generation of pigmies; for they could never possibly conceive, that they were of common size, and wore any garments so little calculated either for use or ornament. If one might judge by appearances, the small degree of modesty, that is left in the polite world, seems to be among the men; and one is almost tempted to look for the rakes and persons of intrigue in the other sex. I was present a few nights ago at the representation of the *Chances*; and when I looked round the boxes, and observed the loose dress of all the ladies, and the great relish with which they received the high-seasoned jests in that comedy, I was almost apprehensive, that the old story of the outrage of the *Romans* on the *Sabine* women would be inverted, and that the ladies would rise up and commit a rape on the men.

BUT notwithstanding all that may be said against this project for establishing nakedness, it is not without example. Among the *Hottentots*, a very wise and polite nation, the ladies at this day go quite naked, except a loose mantle thrown over their shoulders, and a short apron before, instead of a Fig-leaf. It is also well known, that the *Spartans* allowed their unmarried women to wear a sort of loose robe, which at every motion discovered their charms through several openings, contrived for that purpose. There would certainly be no harm in extending this liberty to the whole sex; and I am not in the least inclined to listen to the malignant insinuations, that when a married woman endeavours to look particularly tempting, it is not merely to please her husband, but to captivate a gallant. It may perhaps be further objected, that our Northern climate is too cold to strip in; but this little inconvenience is amply compensated, by the security the ladies will create to themselves by taking such extraordinary liberties, and carrying matters so very far, that it will be indecent even to reprehend them.

THERE is, however, a very large part of the sex, for whom I am greatly concerned on this occasion: I mean the Old and the Ugly. What-
ever

ever the Belles may get by this fashion, these poor ladies will be great sufferers. Their faces are already more than is agreeable to be shewn; but if they expose sickly skins furrowed and purfed up like a washer-woman's fingers, the sight will become too disgusting. During the present mode I have observed, that the display of a yellow neck or clumsy leg has created but few admirers: and it is reasonable to conclude, that when the new fashion begins to prevail universally, although our men of pleasure will be glad to see the young and beautiful, (whom they would desire to take into their arms,) stripping as fast as possible, yet they are not so fond of primitive and original simplicity, as to be captivated by a lady, who has none of the charms of *Eve*, except her nakedness.

SOME persons of more than ordinary penetration will be apt to look on this project in a political light, and consider it as a scheme to counterwork the Marriage-Act. But as the chief ladies, who concerted it, are already provided with husbands, and are known to be very well affected to the government, this does not appear probable. It is more likely to be an artifice of the Beauties to make their superiority incontestible, by drawing in the dowdies of the sex to suffer by such an injurious

injurious contrast. However this may be, it is very certain, that the most lovely of the sex are about to employ the whole artillery of their charms against us, and indeed seem resolved to shoot us flying. On this occasion it is to be hoped, that the practice of painting, which is now so very fashionable, will be entirely laid aside; for whoever incrusts herself in paint can never be allowed to be naked; and it is surely more elegant for a lady to be covered even with silk and linen, than to be daubed, like an old wall, with plaister and rough-cast.

AFTER this account of the scheme of our modish females now in agitation, which the reader may depend upon as genuine, it only remains to let him know how I came by my intelligence. The PARLIAMENT OF WOMEN, lately proposed, is now actually sitting. Upon their first meeting, after the preliminaries were adjusted, the whole house naturally resolved itself into a Committee on the affairs of Drefs. The Fig-leaf Bill, the purport of which is contained in this paper, was brought in by a noble Countess, and occasioned some very warm debates. Two ladies in particular made several remarkable speeches on this occasion: but they were both imagined to speak, like our male patriots,

patriots, more for their own private interest than for the good of the public. For one of these ladies, who insisted very earnestly on the decency of some sort of covering, and has a very beautiful face, is shrewdly suspected not to be so much above all rivalry in the turn and proportion of her limbs; and the other, who was impatient to be undressed with all expedition, was thought to be too much influenced by her known partiality to a favourite mole, which now lies out of sight. The Bill, however, was passed by a considerable majority, and is intended to be put in force by Midsummer Day next ensuing.

W

NUMB. LVI. *Thursday, February 20, 1755.*

Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
 Necte, Amarylli, modò, et Veneris, dic, vincula necto.
 Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
 Limus ut hic durefcit, et hæc ut cera liquefcit,
 Uno eodemque igni, fic nostro Daphnis amore.

VIRGIL.

*Three colours weave in three-fold knots, and cry,
 "In three-fold bond this true-love's knot I tie."
 As the same fire makes hard this cake of clay,
 In which this wæxen image melts away,
 Thus, God of Love, be my true shepherd's breast,
 Soft to my flame, but hard to all the rest.
 Ye songs, spells, philters, amulets, and charms,
 Bring, quickly bring my Daphnis to my arms.*

THE idle superstitions of the vulgar are no where so conspicuous as in the affairs of love. When a raw girl's brain is once turned with a sweetheart, she converts every trifling accident of her life into a good or bad omen, and makes every thing conspire to strengthen her in so pleasing a delusion. *Virgil* represents *Dido*, as soon as she has contracted her fatal passion for *Æneas*, going to the priest to have her fortune told. In like manner the love-sick girl runs to the cunning-man, or crosses the gipsy's hand with

with her last sixpence, to know when she shall be married, how many children she shall have, and whether she shall be happy with her husband. She also consults the cards, and finds out her lover in the Knave of Hearts. She learns how to interpret dreams, and every night furnishes her with meditations for the next day. If she happens to bring out any thing in conversation, which another person was about to say, she comforts herself that she shall be married first; and if she tumbles as she is running up stairs, imagines she shall go to church with her sweetheart, before the week is at an end.

IT would puzzle the most profound antiquary to discover, what could give birth to the strange notions cherished by fond nymphs and swains. The God of Love has more superstitious votaries, and is worshipped with more unaccountable rites, than any fabulous deity whatever. Nothing, indeed, is so whimsical as the imagination of a person in love. The dying shepherd carves the name of his mistress on the trees, while the fond maid knits him a pair of garters with an amorous posy; and both look on what they do as a kind of charm to secure the affection of the other. A lover will rejoice to give his mistress a bracelet or a top-knot; and she perhaps will take pleasure
in

in working him a pair of ruffles. These they will regard as the soft bonds of love; but neither would on any account run the risk of *cutting love*, by giving or receiving such a present as a knife or a pair of scissars. To wear the picture of the beloved object constantly near the heart, is universally accounted a most excellent and never-failing preservative of affection: and if, in the course of their amour, the mistress gives the dear man her hair wove in a true lover's knot, or breaks a crooked nine-pence with him, she thinks herself assured of his inviolable fidelity.

SOME few years ago there was publicly advertised, among the other extraordinary medicines whose wonderful qualities are daily related in the last page of our newspapers, a most efficacious Love-Powder; by which a despairing lover might create affection in the bosom of the most cruel mistress. Lovers have, indeed, always been fond of enchantment. *Shakespeare* has represented *Othello* as accused of winning his *Desdemona* "by conjuration and mighty magic;" and *Theocritus* and *Virgil* have both introduced women into their pastorals, using charms and incantations to recover the affections of their sweethearts. In a word, Talismans, Genii, Witches, Fairies, and all the instruments of
magic

magic and enchantment, were first discovered by lovers, and employed in the business of love.

BUT I never had a thorough insight into all this amorous sorcery, 'till I received the following letter, which was sent me from the country a day or two after *Valentine's Day*; and I make no doubt, but all true lovers most religiously performed the previous rites mentioned by my correspondent.

To Mr. T O W N.

DEAR SIR, Feb. 17, 1755.

YOU must know I am in love with a very clever man, a *Londoner*; and as I want to know whether it is my fortune to have him, I have tried all the tricks I can hear of for that purpose. I have seen him several times in coffee-grounds, with a sword by his side; and he was once at the bottom of a tea-cup, in a coach and six with two footmen behind it. I got up last May morning, and went into the fields to hear the Cuckow; and when I pulled off my left shoe, I found an Hair in it exactly the same colour with his. But I shall never forget what I did last Midsummer Eve. I and my two sisters tried the Dumb Cake together: you must know, two must

must make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of their pillows, (but you must not speak a word all the time,) and then you will dream of the man you are to have. This we did; and to be sure I did nothing all night but dream of Mr. *Blossom*. The same night, exactly at twelve o'Clock, I sowed Hempseed in our back yard, and said to myself, *Hempseed I sow, Hempseed I hoe, And he that is my true-love, come after me and mow*. Will you believe me? I looked back, and saw him behind me, as plain as eyes could see him. After that, I took a clean shift, and wetted it, and turned it wrong-side out, and hung it to the fire upon the back of a chair; and very likely my sweetheart would have come and turned it right again, (for I heard his step,) but I was frightened, and could not help speaking, which broke the charm. I likewise stuck up two Midsummer Men, one for myself, and one for him. Now if his had died away, we should never have come together: but, I assure you, his blowed, and turned to mine. Our maid *Betty* tells me, that if I go backwards, without speaking a word, into the garden upon Midsummer Eve, and gather a Rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it, 'till *Christmas* day, it will be as fresh as in *June*; and if I then stick it in my bosom,

bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out. If I am not married before the time comes about again, I will certainly do it; and only mind, if Mr. *Blossom* is not the man.

I HAVE tried a great many other fancies, and they have all turned out right. Whenever I go to lye in a strange bed, I always tye my Garter nine times round the bed-post, and knit nine knots in it, and say to myself, *This knot I knit, this knot I tye, To see my love as he goes by, In his apparel and array, As he walks in every day.* I did so last holidays at my uncle's; and to be sure I saw Mr. *Blossom* draw my curtains, and tuck up the cloaths at my bed's feet. Cousin *Debby* was married a little while ago, and she sent me a piece of Bride-Cake to put under my pillow; and I had the sweetest dream—I thought we were going to be married together. I have, many is the time, taken great pains to pare an Apple Whole, and afterwards flung the Peel over my head; and it always falls in the shape of the first letter of his Sirname or Christian name. I am sure Mr. *Blossom* loves me, because I stuck two of the Kernels upon my forehead, while I thought upon him and the lubberly squire my pappa wants me to have. Mr. *Blossom's* Kernel stuck on, but the other dropt off directly.

LAST

LAST Friday, Mr. TOWN, was *Valentine's* Day; and I'll tell you what I did the night before. I got five Bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, *Betty* said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an Egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it up with salt; and when I went to bed, eat it shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up, was to be our *Valentine*. Would you think it? Mr. *Blossom* was my man: and I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning, 'till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world.

DEAR Mr. TOWN, if you know any other ways to try our fortune by, do but put them in your paper. My mamma laughs at us, and says there is nothing in them; but I am sure there is, for several misses at our boarding-school have tried them, and they have all happened true: and I am sure my own sister *Hetty*, who died just before *Christmas*, stood in the Church-Porch last
Midsummer

Midsummer Eve to see all that were to die that year in our parish; and she saw her own apparition.

Your humble servant,

ARABELLA WHIMSEY.

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NUMB. LVII. *Thursday, February 27, 1755.*

Dulce Sodalitium! ——— MARTIAL.

Now this is Worshipful Society.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is no phrase in the whole vocabulary of modern conversation, which has a more vague signification than the words "Good Company." People of fashion modestly explain it to mean only themselves; and, like the old *Romans*, look on all others as Barbarians. Thus a star or a ribband, a title or a place, denotes Good Company; and a man rises in the esteem of the polite circle according to his rank or his rent-roll. This way of reasoning is so well known and so generally adopted, that we are not surpris'd to hear polite persons complain

plain at their return from the play, that the house was very much crouded, but that there was no company: though, indeed, I could not help smiling at a lady's saying she preferred St. James's church to St. George's, because the pews were commonly filled with Better Company.

I PROPOSE at present to consider this comprehensive term, only as it respects a society of friends, who meet in order to pass their time in an agreeable manner. To do this the more effectually, I shall take a cursory view of the several methods now in vogue, by which a set of acquaintance endeavour to amuse each other. The reader will here meet with some very extraordinary inventions for this purpose; and when he has fixed his choice, may try to introduce himself into that company he likes best.

THERE is a great demand for wit and humour in some parts of this metropolis. Among many he is reckoned the Best Company, who can enliven his conversation with strokes of facetiousness, and (in *Shakespeare's* words) "set the table on a roar." But as wit and humour do not always fall to the share of those who aim at shining in conversation, our jokers and wittlings have wisely devised several mechanical ways
of

of gaining that end. I know one, who is thought a very facetious fellow by the club of which he is a member, because every night, as soon as the clock strikes twelve, he begins to crow like a cock: another is accounted a man of *immense* humour, for entertaining his friends with a burlesque hornpipe; and a third has the reputation of being excellent company by singing a song, and at the same time playing the tune upon the table with his knuckles and elbows. Mimicry is, in these societies, an indispensable requisite in a Good Companion. Imitations of the actors and other well-known characters are very much admired; to which they have given the appellation of *taking off*. But the mimic is by no means limited to an imitation of the human species: for an exact representation of the brute creation will procure him infinite applause. Very many of these wits may be met with in different quarters of the town; and it is but a week ago, since I was invited to pass the evening with a society, which, after a display of their several talents, I found to consist of a Dog, a Cat, a Monkey, an Ass, and a couple of Dancing Bears.

I CANNOT help looking with some veneration on the wit exerted in societies of this sort, since it has the extraordinary quality of never creating

either disgust or satiety. They assemble every night, tell the same stories, repeat the same jokes, sing the same songs; and they are every night attended with the same applause and merriment. Considering how much their wit is used, it is surprising, that it should not be worn out. Sometimes, however, one of the society makes a new acquisition, which is immediately thrown into the common stock of humour, and constantly displayed as part of the entertainment of the evening. A gentleman of this cast lately shewed me with great joy the postscript of a letter, in which his correspondent promised him *buge fun* the next time he should see him, for he had got two new stories, and three or four excellent songs from one of the actors.

THESE are certainly very agreeable methods of passing the evening, and must please all persons, who have any relish for wit and humour. But these powers of entertaining are not every where the standard of Good Company. There are places, in which he is the Best Company, who drinks most. A Boon Companion lays it down as a rule, that "talking spoils conversation." A bumper is his argument; and his first care is to promote a brisk circulation of the bottle. He shews his esteem for an absent friend
by

N^o. 57. *The* CONNOISSEUR. 171

by toasting him in a bumper extraordinary ; and is frequently so good and loyal a subject, as to drink his Majesty's health in half-pints. If he is desired to sing a catch, he still keeps the main point in view, and gives a song wrote in so ingenious a stile, that it obliges the company to toss off a glass at the end of every stanza. If he talks, it is of "healths five fathom deep," or a late *hard bout* with another set of jolly fellows ; and he takes care, by a quick round of Toasts, to supply the want of other conversation.

I HAVE ever thought the invention of Toasts very useful and ingenious. They at once promote hard drinking, and serve as a kind of memorial of every glass that has been drank : They also furnish those with conversation, who have nothing to say ; or at least, by banishing all other topics, put the whole company on a level. Besides all this, three or four rounds of Toasts, where many are met together, must unavoidably list them all into Good Company. These are no small advantages to society ; not to mention the wit and morality contained in many Toasts.

TOASTS are doubtless very useful and entertaining : but the wisest institution ever made in

drinking societies, is the custom of appointing what is called an Absolute Toast-master. The gentleman invested with this dignity is created king of the company; and, like other absolute monarchs, he commonly makes great use of his power. It is particularly his office to name the Toast, to observe that every man duly tosses off his bumper, and is in every respect Good Company. He is also to correct all misdemeanors; and commonly punishes an offender by *sconcing him a bumper*: that is, in the language of hard drinkers, not unmercifully denying him his due glass, but obliging him to add another to it of perhaps double the quantity. For offences of a very heinous nature, the transgressor is ordered a decanter of water, or a tankard of small beer. The privilege of inflicting a bumper is exerted almost every moment: for there is hardly any sort of behaviour, which does not produce this punishment. I have known a man sconced for drinking, for not drinking, for singing, for talking, for being silent, and at length sconced dead drunk, and made very Good Company.

BUT none of these qualifications abovementioned constitute Good Company in the genteel part of the world. Polite assemblies neither aim at wit and humour, nor make the least pretence

to

Nº. 57. *The* CONNOISSEUR. 173

to cultivate society. Their whole evenings are consumed at the card-table, without the least attempt at any other conversation, than the usual altercations of partners between the deals. Whist has destroyed conversation, spoiled society, and "murdered sleep." This kind of Good Company is as ridiculous, and more insipid than either the society of Witlings or Hard-Drinkers. Tossing off bumpers is as rational, and an employment infinitely more joyous, than shuffling a pack of cards an whole night: and puns, jokes, and mimicry, however stale and repeated, furnish the company with conversation of as much use and variety, as the odd trick and four by honours.

SUCH are the agreeable evenings passed at *White's*, and the other coffee-houses about *St. James's*. Such is the happiness of Assemblies, Routs, Drums and Hurricanes: and without Gaming what insipid things are even Masquerades and Ridottos! At such meetings, the man, who is Good Company, plays the game very well, knows more Cafes than are in *Hoyle*, and often possesses some particular qualifications, which would be no great recommendation to him any where else. Instead of meeting together, like other companies, with a desire of mutual delight, they sit down with a design upon

the pockets of each other: though; indeed, it is no wonder, when one has stripped another of two or three thousand pounds, if the successful gamester thinks the person he has fleeced very Good Company.

By what has been said, it appears that the notion of Good Company excludes all useful conversation; which, in either of the above-mentioned societies, would undoubtedly be despised as stupid and pedantick. The Witlings have too lively a genius, and too warm an imagination, to admit it; the Boon Companions can join nothing but love to a bottle; and among Gamesters, it would, like sleep, be “mere loss of time, and hindrance of business.” Yet an accomplished member of either of these societies is called Good Company: which is just as proper an expression, as, according to Serjeant *Kite*, *Carolus* is good *Latin* for *Queen Ann*, or a stout beating. But a set of people, who assemble for no other purpose than to Game, have, in particular, so very bad a title to the denomination of Good Company, that they appear to me to be the very worst.

NUMB. LVIII. Thursday, March 6, 1755.

Quicunque impudicus, adulter, ganeo, quique
alienum æs grande conflaverat, quo flagitium
aut facinus redimeret; præterea, omnes un-
dique parricidæ, sacrilegi, convicti judiciis,
aut pro factis judicium timentes; ad hoc, quos
manus atque lingua perjurio et sanguine civili
alebant; postremò, omnes, quos flagitium,
egetas, conscius animus exagitabat.

SALLUST.

*Would you, like Cataline's, an army chuse,
Go ransack White's, the taverns, and the stews:
Press every Buck and Blood, renown'd for drinking,
For wenching, gambling, fighting, and free-thinking.*

A MISFORTUNE, which happened to me the
other day, sufficiently convinced me of the in-
conveniencies, arising from the indiscriminate power
lodged in our Press-gangs; who pay no more regard
to those, who plead protection from the badge of
literature, than a bailiff's follower. I would not
have the reader think, that I was pressed myself:
— but my Devil (that is, the messenger of the
printing-

printing-house) was carried off, as he was going with the copy of a CONNOISSEUR to the press. Learning appears to me of so much importance, that (in my opinion) the persons of the lowest retainers to it should be sacred from molestation; and it gives me concern, though a very loyal subject, that even a ballad-finger, or the hawker of Bloody News, should be interrupted in their literary vocations. I have in vain endeavoured to recover my manuscript again: for, though I cannot but think any one of my papers of almost as much consequence to the nation as the fitting out a fleet, the ignorant sailors were so regardless of it's inestimable contents, that after much enquiry I detected them (with my Devil in conjunction) lighting their pipes with it, at a low alehouse by *Puddle-Dock*.

THIS irretrievable loss to the public, as well as myself, led me to consider, whether some method might not be thought of, to raise sufficient forces for the fleet and army, without disturbing poor labourers and honest mechanics in their peaceful occupations. I have at length, with great pains and expence of thought, hit upon a Scheme, which will effectually answer that end; and without further preface shall lay it before the public.

I WOULD

I WOULD propose, that every useless member of the community should be made of service to his country, by being obliged to climb the ropes, or carry a musquet; and every detrimental one should be prevented from injuring his fellow-subjects, and sent to annoy the common enemy. To begin with the country. There is no occasion to rob the fields of their husbandmen, or to fetch our soldiers, as the *Romans* took their Dictator, from the plough. It is well known, that every county can supply us with numerous recruits, if we were to raise them out of that idle body called Country 'Squires; many of whom are born only for the destruction of game, and disturbance of their neighbours. They are mere vegetables, which grow up and rot on the same spot of ground; except a few perhaps, which are transplanted into the Parliament House. Their whole life is hurried away in scampering after foxes, leaping five-bar gates, trampling upon the farmers corn, and swilling October. As they are by their profession excellent marksmen, and have been used to carry a gun, they might employ their powder to more purpose in fetching down a *Frenchman* than a pheasant; and most of them might be incorporated among the cavalry, or formed into light-bodied troops, and mounted on their own

Hunters. They might also be of great use in marauding, or getting in forage: and if they would follow an enemy with the same alacrity and defiance of danger, that they follow a fox, they might do prodigious execution in a pursuit. The greatest danger would be, that if a fox should perchance cross them in their march, they would be tempted to run from their colours for the sake of a chase; and we should have them all desert, or (in the language of fox-hunters) *gone away*.

If the country is infested with these useless and obnoxious animals, called Squires, this metropolis is no less over-run with a set of idle and mischievous creatures, which we may call Town Squires. We might soon levy a very numerous army, were we to enlist into it every vagrant about town, who, not having any lawful calling, from thence takes upon himself the title of gentleman, and adds an *Esq*; to his name. A very large corps too might be formed from the Students at the Inns of Court, who, under the pretence of following the law, receive as it were a sanction for doing nothing at all. With these the several tribes of play-house and coffee-house Critics, and that collective body of them called The Town, may be allowed to rank: And
though

though no great exploits can be expected from these *Invalids*, yet (as they are of no other use whatever) they may at least serve in the army, like *Falstaff's* men, as "food for powder."

BUT a very formidable troop might be composed of that part of them, distinguished by the name of *Bloods*. The fury of their assaults on drawers and watchmen, and the spirit displayed in storming a bagnio, would be of infinite service in the field of battle. But I would recommend it to the general, to have them strictly disciplined; lest they should shoot some of their own comrades, or perhaps run away, merely for the sake of the joke. Under proper regulations such valiant gentlemen would certainly be of use. I had lately some thoughts of recommending to the Justices, to list the *Bloods* among those brave, resolute fellows, employed as Thief-takers. But they may now serve nobler purposes in the army: And what may we not expect from such intrepid heroes, who, for want of opportunity to exert their prowess in warlike skirmishes abroad, have been obliged to give vent to their courage by breaking the peace at home?

EVERY one will agree with me, that those Men of Honour, who make fighting their business,

and cannot let their swords rest quietly in their scabbards, should be obliged to draw them in the service of his Majesty. What might we not expect from these furious *Drawcanfers*, if instead of cutting one another's throats, their skill in arms was properly turned against the enemy! A very little discipline would make them admirable soldiers: for (as *Mercutio* says) they are already "the very butchers of a silk button." I have known one of these Duellists, to keep his hand in, employ himself every morning in thrusting at a bit of paper stuck against the wainscot; and I have heard another boast, that he could snuff a candle with his pistol. These gentlemen are, therefore, very fit to be employed in close engagements. But it will be necessary to keep them in continual action; for otherwise they would breed a kind of civil war among themselves, and, rather than not fight at all, turn their weapons upon one another.

SEVERAL *Irish* brigades, not inferior to those of the same country in the service of the *French* king, may be formed out of those able-bodied men, which are called Fortune-hunters. The attacks of these dauntless heroes have, indeed, been chiefly levelled at the other sex: but employment may be found for these amorous knight-errants,

suitable

suitable to their known firmness and intrepidity; particularly in taking places by storm, where there is a necessity for ravishing virgins, and committing outrages upon the women.

BUT, among the many useless members of society, there are none so unprofitable as the fraternity of Gamesters. I therefore think, that their time would be much better employed in handling a musquet, than in shuffling a pack of cards, or shaking the dice-box. As to the Sharpers, it is a pity that the same dexterity, which enables them to palm an ace, or cog a die, is not used by them in going through the manual exercise in the military way. These latter might, indeed, be employed as marines, or stationed in the *West-Indies*; as many of them have already cross'd the seas, and are perfectly well acquainted with the Plantations.

THE last proposal, which I have to make on this subject, is to take the whole body of Free-thinkers into the service. For this purpose I would impress all the members of the *Rabin Hood Society*; and, in consideration of his great merit, I would further advise, that the *Clare-Market Orator* should be made Chaplain to the regiment. One of the favourite tenets of a Free-

Free-thinker is, that all men are in a natural state of warfare with each other : nothing, therefore, is so proper for him, as to be actually engaged in war. As he has no squeamish notions about what will become of him hereafter, he can have no fears about death : I would, therefore, always have the Free-thinkers put upon the most dangerous exploits, exposed to the greatest heat of battle, and sent upon the Forlorn Hope. For, since they confess that they are born into the world for no end whatever, and that they shall be nothing after death, it is but justice, that they should be *annihilated* for the good of their country.

W

NUMB. LIX. *Thursday, March 13, 1755.*

Monstra evenerunt mihi !

Introit in ædes ater alienus canis !

Anguis per impluvium decidit de tegulis !

Gallina cecinit ! TER.

*What unlucky prodigies have befallen us ! A strange
black dog came into the house ! A snake fell from the
tiles through the sky-light ! An hen crowed !*

Mr. VILLAGE to Mr. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN, *March 3, 1755.*

I WAS greatly entertained with your late reflections on the several branches of magic employed in the affairs of love. I have myself been very lately among the Seers of Visions and Dreamers of Dreams; and hope you will not be displeased at an account of portents and prognostics full as extravagant, though they are not all owing to the same cause, as those of your correspondent Miss *Arabella Whimsey*. You must know, Cousin, that I am just returned from a visit of a fortnight to an old aunt in the North; where I was mightily diverted with the
traditional

traditional superstitions, which are most religiously preserved in the family, as they have been delivered down (time out of mind) from their sagacious grandmothers.

WHEN I arrived, I found the mistress of the house very busily employed, with her two daughters, in nailing an horse-shoe to the threshold of the door. This, they told me, was to guard against the spiteful designs of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened to do the family a mischief, because one of my young cousins laid two straws across, to see if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady assured me, that she had several times heard Goody *Cripple* muttering to herself; and to be sure she was saying the Lord's Prayer backwards. Besides, the old woman had very often asked them for a pin: but they took care never to give her any thing that was sharp, because she should not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the same as are mentioned with infinite humour by the SPECTATOR: and to confirm them, they assured me, that the eldest miss, when she was little, used to have fits, 'till the mother flung a knife at another old witch, (whom the devil had carried off in an high wind) and fetched blood from her.

WHEN

WHEN I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thousand apologies for not putting me in the best room in the house; which (she said) had never been lain in, since the death of an old washer-woman, who walked every night, and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hid money somewhere, and could not rest 'till she had told somebody; and my cousin assured me, that she might have had it all to herself; for the spirit came one night to her bed-side, and wanted to tell her, but she had not courage to speak to it. I learned also, that they had a footman once, who hanged himself for love; and he walked for a great while, 'till they got the parson to lay him in the Red Sea.

I HAD not been here long, when an accident happened, which very much alarmed the whole family. *Towzer* one night howled most terribly; which was a sure sign, that somebody belonging to them would die. The youngest miss declared, that she had heard the hen crow that morning; which was another fatal prognostic. They told me, that, just before uncle died, *Towzer* howled so for several nights together, that they could not quiet him; and my aunt heard the death-watch tick as plainly, as if there had

had been a clock in the room: the maid too, who sat up with him, heard a bell toll at the top of the stairs, the very moment the breath went out of his body. During this discourse, I overheard one of my cousins whisper the other, that she was afraid their mamma would not live long; for she smelt an ugly smell, like a dead carcass. They had a dairy-maid, who died the very week after an hearse had stopt at their door in it's way to church: and the eldest miss, when she was but thirteen, saw her own brother's ghost, (who was gone to the *West-Indies*) walking in the garden; and to be sure, nine months after, they had an account, that he died on board the ship, the very same day, and hour of the day, that miss saw his apparition.

I NEED not mention to you the common incidents, which were accounted by them no less prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire, they were in haste to examine whether it was a purse or a coffin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived, because they had seen a stranger on the grate. The youngest miss will let nobody use the poker but herself; because, when she stirs the fire, it always burns bright, which is a sign she will have a brisk husband: and she is no less sure of a good one, because she
generally

generally has ill luck at cards. Nor is the candle less oracular than the fire: for the squire of the parish came one night to pay them a visit, when the tallow winding-sheet pointed towards him; and he broke his neck soon after in a fox-chace. My aunt one night observed with great pleasure a letter in the candle; and the very next day one came from her son in *London*. We knew, when a spirit was in the room, by the candle burning blue: but poor cousin *Nancy* was ready to cry one time, when she snuffed it out, and could not blow it in again; though her sister did it at a whiff, and consequently triumphed in her superior virtue.

WE had no occasion for an almanack or the weather-glass, to let us know whether it would rain or shine. One evening I proposed to ride out with my cousins the next day to see a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood; but my aunt assured us it would be wet, she knew very well from the shooting of her corn. Besides, there was a great spider crawling up the chimney, and the blackbird in the kitchen began to sing; which were both of them as certain forerunners of rain. But the most to be depended on in these cases is a tabby cat, which usually lies basking on the parlour hearth. If the cat
turned

turned her tail to the fire, we were to have an hard frost; if the cat licked her tail rain would certainly ensue. They wondered, what stranger they should see; because puss washed her foot over her left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and her eldest daughter remarked, it would go through the family; for she observed, that poor *Tab* had sneezed several times. Poor *Tab*, however, once flew at one of my cousins; for which she had like to have been destroyed, as the whole family began to think she was no other than a witch.

It is impossible to tell you the several tokens, by which they know whether good or ill luck will happen to them. Spilling the salt, or laying knives across, are every where accounted ill omens; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a strange dog, I found were very lucky. I heard one of my cousins tell the cook-maid, that she boiled away all her sweethearts, because she had let her dish-water boil over. The same young lady one morning came down to breakfast with her cap the wrong side out; which the mother observing, charged her not to alter it all day, for fear she should turn luck.

BUT, above all, I could not help remarking the various prognostics, which the old lady and her

her daughters used to collect from almost every part of the body. A white speck upon the nails made them as sure of a gift as if they had it already in their pockets. The eldest sister is to have one husband more than the youngest, because she has one wrinkle more in her forehead; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by snapping their finger-joints. It would take up too much room to set down every circumstance, which I observed of this sort during my stay with them: I shall therefore conclude my letter with the several remarks on other parts of the body, as far as I could learn them from this prophetic family: for as I was a relation, you know, they had less reserve.

If the head itches, it is a sign of rain. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the tooth-ache, you don't love true. If your eyebrow itches, you will see a stranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry; if your left, you will laugh: but left or right is good at night. If your nose itches, you will shake hands with, or kiss a fool; drink a glass of wine, run against a cuckold's door, or miss them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you; if your left, your right friends are talking

ing of you. If your elbow itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money; if your left, you will receive. If your stomach itches you will eat pudding. If your back itches butter will be cheap when grass grows there. If your side itches, somebody is wishing for you. If your gartering place itches, you will go to a strange place. If your knee itches, you will kneel in a strange church. If your foot itches, you will tread upon strange ground. Lastly,——If you shiver, somebody is walking over your grave.

I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.

T

NUMB. LX. *Thursday, March 20, 1755.*

— — — — Hæc ego mecum
Compressis agito labris, ubi, quid datur otî,
Illudo CHARTIS. — — — — HOR.

Let not a word escape the lips—but hift—
And think in silence on the rules of WHIST.

WHOEVER has had occasion often to pass through *Holbourn*, must have taken notice of a pastry-cook's shop with the following remarkable inscription over the door; KIDDER'S
 PASTRY-

PASTRY-SCHOOL. I had the curiosity to enquire into the design of this extraordinary Academy, and found it was calculated to instruct young ladies in the art and mystery of tarts and cheese-cakes. The scholars were, indeed, chiefly of the lower class, except a few notable young girls from the city, with two or three parsons daughters, out of the country, intended for service. As housewifely accomplishments are now quite out of date among the polite world, it is no wonder that Mr. *Kidder* has no share in the education of our young ladies of quality: and I appeal to any woman of fashion, whether she would not as soon put her daughter apprentice to a washer-woman, to learn to clear-starch and get up fine linen, as send her to the Pastry-School to be instructed in raised crust and puff paste. The good dames of old, indeed, were not ashamed to make these arts their study: but in this refined age we might sooner expect to see a kitchen-wench thumbing *Hoyle's* Treatise on Whist, than a fine lady collecting receipts for making puddings, or poring over the Complete Art of Cookery.

THE education of females is at present happily elevated far above the ordinary employments of domestic oeconomy; and if any School is
wanted

wanted for the improvement of young ladies, I may venture to say, it should be a School for Whist. Mr. *Hoyle* used, indeed, to wait on ladies of quality at their own houses to give them lectures in this Science: but as that learned Master has left off teaching, they can have no instructions but from his incomparable Treatise; and this, I am afraid, is so abstruse, and abounding with technical terms, that even those among the quality, who are tolerably well grounded in the Science, are scarce able to unravel the perplexity of his Cases, which are many of them as intricate as the hardest Proposition in *Euclid*. A School for Whist would, therefore, be of excellent use; where young ladies of quality might be gradually instructed in the various branches of lurching, renouncing, finessing, winning the ten-ace, and getting the odd trick, in the same manner as common misses are taught to write, read, and work at their needle.

It seems to be a strange neglect in the education of females, that though great pains are taken to make them talk *French*, they are yet so ignorant of the *English* language, that before they come to their teens, they can scarce tell what is meant by lurching, revoking, fuzzing the cards, or the most common terms

now

now in use at all routs and assemblies. Hence it often happens, that a young lady is almost ripe for a gallant, and thoroughly versed in the arts of the toilet, before she is initiated into the mysteries of the card-table. I would therefore propose, that our demoiselles, of fashion should be taught the art of card-playing from their cradles; and have a pack of cards put into their hands, at the usual time that the brats of vulgar people are employed in thumbing their horn-book. The mind of man has been often compared (before it has received any ideas) to a white piece of paper, which is capable of retaining any impression afterwards made upon it. In like manner, I would consider the minds of those infants, which are born into a well-bred family, as a blank pack of cards, ready to be marked with the pips and colours of the suits: at least I am confident that many of them, after they are grown up, have laid in very few ideas beyond them. What therefore Mr. *Locke* recommends, that we should cheat children into learning their letters by making it seem a pastime, should be put in practice in every polite Nursery; and the little ladies may be taught to distinguish ace, deuce, tray, &c. as soon as they could great A, little a, and the other letters of the Chris-cross row: As to the four Honours, they will readily learn them

by the same method that other children get the names of dogs, horses, &c. by looking at their pictures. After this, in order to compleat her education, little miss (when of a proper age) should be sent to the Whist-School, or have lessons from private masters at home. She may now be made to get by heart the Laws of the Game, read a Chapter in *Hoyle*, and be catechised in laying and taking the odds: and in process of time, she may be set to solve any of *Hoyle's* hardest Cases, or any of the Propositions in his *Doctrine of Chances*; for which (as Mr. *Hoyle* himself tells us) no more knowledge of Arithmetic is required, than what is sufficient to reckon the tricks, or score up the game.

ALL Sciences appear equally abstruse to the learner at his first setting out: but I will venture to say, that the Science of Whist is more complex in itself than even Algebra or the Mathematics. The Ass's Bridge in *Euclid* is not so difficult to be got over, nor the Logarithms of *Napier* so hard to be unravelled, as many of *Hoyle's* Cases and Propositions: as an instance of which, take the following most obvious and easy one. — A and B are Partners against C and D. A and B have scored 3, and want to save their Lurch. C and D are at Short Can'ye: and consequently both Sides play

play for two Points. C has the Deal, and turns up the Knave of Hearts. C asks his Partner D, who refuses. B has the Lead, and runs his strong Suit, Spades, two Rounds, with Ace and King. A discards his weakest Suit, Diamonds. Then B forces his Partner. A leads a strong Club, which B refuses. A forces B, who by leading Spades plays into A's Hand, who returns a Club, and so they get a Saw between them. After this A leads through C's Honours. B finesses the Ten, and plays a Spade, which A trumps. Now B by laying behind C's King and Knave of Trumps makes the Ten-ace with Ace and Queen; and A having the long Trump brings in his thirteenth Club. Consequently A and B get a Slam against their Adversaries C and D, and score a single Game towards the Rubbers.

SINCE, therefore, this Science is attended with so much difficulty, the necessity of a School for Whist is very evident: And if the plan of education, above proposed, was put into execution, I will venture to pronounce, that young ladies, who can now scarce be trusted at any game beyond *One and Thirty Bone-Ace*, or *Beat the Knave out of Doors* with the maid-servants, would be qualified at twelve years old to make one at any card-table in town; and would even excel

their mammas, who have not had the same advantage of education. Many an husband, and many a parent, I am sure, have had reason to lament, that their wives and daughters have not had the happiness of so early an instruction in this branch of female knowledge : and I make no doubt, but several Boarding-Schools will be set up, where young ladies may be taught Whist, Brag, and all kinds of Card-Work. How many ladies for want of such a School, are at present shut out from the best company, because they know no more of the game, than what is called *White-Chaple* play ! In order therefore to remedy this deficiency as far as possible, I would further recommend it to Mr. *Hoyle* or some other eminent Artist, (in imitation of *Messieurs Hart* and *Dukes*, who profess to teach GROWN GENTLEMEN to dance) to advertise, that GROWN GENTLEWOMEN may be taught to play at *Whist* in the most private and expeditious manner ; so that any lady, who never before took a card in hand, may be enabled in a very short time to play a rubbers at the most fashionable routs and assemblies.

W

NUMB.

NUMB. LXI. *Thursday, March 27, 1755.*

Coelum ipsum petimus stultitiâ. — HOR.

*E'en Heav'n we covet by preposterous rules,
And form t' ourselves a Paradise of Fools.*

IT is observed by the *French*, that a Cat, a Priest, and an Old Woman are sufficient to constitute a religious Sect in *England*. So universally, it seems, are learning and genius diffused through this island, that the lowest plebeians are deep casuists in matters of faith as well as politics; and so many and wonderful are the new lights continually breaking in upon us, that we daily make fresh discoveries, and strike out unbeaten paths to future happiness. The above observation of our neighbours is in truth rather too full: for a priest is so far from necessary, that a new species of doctrine would be better received by our old women, and other well disposed good people, from a layman. The most extraordinary tenets of religion are very successfully propagated under the sanction of the leathern apron, instead of the cassock: Every corner of the town has a barber, mason, bricklayer, or some other handicraft teacher; and there are

almost as many sects in this metropolis, as there are parish-churches.

As to the Old Women, since the passions of females are stronger in youth, and their minds weaker in age, than those of the other sex, their readiness in embracing any principles of religion, pressed on them with particular earnestness and vehemence, is not very wonderful. They hope, by the most rigid demeanor in the decline of life, to make amends for that unbounded loose given to their passions in their younger years. The same violence, however, commonly accompanies them in religion, as formerly actuated them in their pleasures; and their zeal entirely eats up their charity. They look with a malevolent kind of pity on all who are still employed in worldly undertakings, “carry prayer books in their pockets,” and piously damn all their relations and acquaintance with texts of scripture. I know an old gentlewoman of this cast, who has formed herself as a pattern of staid behaviour; and values herself for having given up at three-score the vanities of sixteen. She denounces heavy judgments on all frequenters of public diversions, and forebodes the worst consequences from every party of pleasure. I have known her foretell the ruin of her niece from a country dance:

dance: nay, she can perceive irregular desires flaming from a gay coloured top-knot, and has even descried adultery itself lurking beneath the thin veil of a worked apron, or beaming from a diamond girdle-buckle.

BUT we might perhaps suffer a few good Old Ladies to go to heaven their own way, if these Sects were not pernicious on many other accounts. Such strange doctrines are very apt to unsettle the minds of the common people, who often make an odd transition from infidelity to enthusiasm, and become bigots from arrant free-thinkers. Their faith however, it may be well imagined, is not a saving faith; as they are worked up to an adoration of the CREATOR, from the same slavish principle that induces the *Indians* to worship the Devil. It is amazing, how strongly fear operates on these weak creatures, and how easily a canting, whining rascal can mould them to his purpose. I have known many a rich tradesman wheedled and threatened out of his subsistence, and himself and unhappy family at last lectured into the work-house. Thus do these vile hypocrites turn a poor convert's head to save his soul; and deprive him of all happiness in this world, under pretence of securing it to him eternally in the next.

Nothing can do religion more injury, than these solemn mockeries of it. Many of these Sects consist almost entirely of battered prostitutes, and persons of the most infamous character. Reformation is their chief pretence: wherefore the more abandoned those are, of whom they make proselytes, the more they pride themselves on their conversion. I remember a debauched young fellow, who pretended a sudden amendment of his principles, in order to repair his shattered fortune. He turned *Methodist*, and soon began to manifest a kind of spiritual fondness for a pious sister. He wooed her according to the directions of the rubric, sent her sermons instead of *billet-doux*, "greeted" her with an holy kiss," and obtained his mistress by appearing in every respect a thorough *devoteé*. But alas! the good gentleman could never be prevailed on to comply with religious ordinances, or appear any more at church or meeting after the performance of the marriage ceremony. The lowest of the vulgar also, for their peculiar ends, frequently become sectaries. They avail themselves of a mock conversion to redeem their lost characters; and, like criminals at *Rome*, make the church a sanctuary for villainy. By this artifice they recommend themselves to the charity of weak but well-meaning

Christians,

Christians, and often insinuate themselves as servants into *Methodist* families.

LE SAGE, with his usual humour, represents *Gil Blas* as wonderfully charmed with the seeming sanctity of *Ambrose de Lamela*, when he took him into his service; and *Gil Blas* is even not offended at his remissness the very first night, when his new servant tells him, that it was owing to his attending his devotions: but it soon appears, that this sly valet had been employed in concerting the robbery of his master. A due attention to religion is so rare a quality in all ranks of people, that I am far from blaming it in servants: but when I see their religion shewing itself in laziness, and observe them neglecting their common business under the pretext of performing acts of supererogation, I am apt to question their sincerity, and to take every servant of that kind for a mere *St. Ambrose*. An old *Moravian* aunt of mine, of whom I have formerly made worthy mention, would never have any servants, who did not belong to the society of the *United Brethren*. But so little did the good lady's endeavours to preserve virtue and a spirit of devotion in her house succeed, that the generality of the men fell into evil courses, and most of the pious sisterhood left the family with big bellies.

I WOULD not be thought to deny my fellow-subjects full liberty of conscience, and all the benefits of the Toleration Act: yet I cannot help regarding these weak, if not ill-meant divisions from the established church, as a dangerous kind of Free-thinking; not so shocking indeed, as the impious avowal of atheism and infidelity, but often attended with the same bad consequences. A religion, founded on madness and enthusiasm, is almost as bad as no religion at all; and what is worst, the unhappy errors of particular Sects expose the purest religion in the world to the scoffs of unbelievers. Shallow witlings exercise their little talents for ridicule on matters of religion, and fall into atheism and blasphemy in order to avoid bigotry and enthusiasm. The absurdities of the Sectaries strengthen them in their ridiculous notions, and produce many other evils, as will appear from the following short history.

IN the glorious reign of Queen *Elizabeth* there resided in these kingdoms a worthy lady, called RELIGION. She was remarkable for the sweetness of her temper; which was chearful without levity, and grave without moroseness. She was also particularly decent in her dress as well as behaviour; and preserved with uncommon mildness the strictest regularity in her family. Though she had a noble genius, led a very sober

life,

life, and attended church constantly every Sunday, yet in those days she kept the best company, was greatly admired by the Queen, and was even intimate with most of the Maids of Honour. What became of her and her family, is not known: but it is very certain, that they have at present no connection with the polite world. Some affirm, that the line is extinct: though I have indeed been told, that the late Bishop *Berkley*, and the present Bishops of *** and *** are descended from the principal branches of it, and that some few of the family are resident on small livings in the country.

WE are told by a certain fashionable author, that there were formerly two men in a mad-house at *Paris*; one of whom imagined himself the FATHER, and the other the SON. In like manner, no sooner did the good lady RELIGION disappear, but she was personated by a crazy old beldam, called SUPERSTITION. But the cheat was instantly discovered: for, instead of the mild discipline, with which her predecessor ruled her family, she governed entirely by severity, racks, wheels, gibbets, sword, fire and faggot. Instead of chearfulness, she introduced gloom; was perpetually crossing herself with holy water; and, to avert the terrible judgments of which she was

hourly in fear, she compiled a new almanack, in which she wonderfully multiplied the number of red letters. After a miserable life she died melancholy mad, but left a will behind her, in which she bequeathed a very considerable sum to build an hospital for religious lunatics; which, I am informed, will speedily be built on the same ground, where the Foundery, that celebrated *Methodist* meeting-house, now stands.

SUPERSTITION left behind her a son called *ATHEISM*, begot on her by a *Moravian* teacher at one of their Love-Feasts. *ATHEISM* soon shewed himself to be a most profligate abandoned fellow. He came very early upon town, and was a remarkable Blood. Among his other frolicks he commenced author, and is said to have written in concert with lord *Bolingbroke*. After having squandered a large fortune, he turned gamester, then pimp, and then highwayman; in which last occupation he was soon detected, taken, and thrown into *Newgate*. He behaved very impudently in the Condemned Hole, abused the Ordinary whenever that gentleman attended him, and encouraged all his fellow-prisoners, in the *Newgate* phrase, to die hard. When he came to the gallows, instead of the psalm he sung a bawdy catch, threw away the book, and bid

Jack

Jack Ketch tuck him up like a gentleman. Many of his relations were present at the execution, and shook their heads, repeating the words of *Mat* in the *Beggar's Opera*, "Poor fellow! "we are sorry for you; but it is what we must "all come to."

O

NUMB. LXII. *Thursday, April 3, 1755.*

— *Qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos.* Juv.

*What female, though to Papal modes they run,
Would brook the life and manners of a Nun?*

HAVING lately informed my readers, that the FEMALE PARLIAMENT is now sitting, I shall proceed to lay before them the substance of a Debate, that happened in the *Committee of Religion*, and which was unexpectedly occasioned by a Motion that was made by *Miss Grave-airs*. This Committee had long been looked upon as useless, but for form sake continued to meet, though it was adjourned immediately: But one day, there being more members present than usual, the Chair-woman was no sooner in the Chair, than the lady abovementioned addressed her in the following speech.

MADAM,

MADAM,

IT is with no less surprise than concern, that I reflect on the danger, to which the greater part of my sex, either through ignorance or choice, are now exposed; and I have the strongest reasons to believe, that nothing but the vigorous and timely Resolutions of this wise Assembly can prevent them from changing their religion, and becoming ROMAN CATHOLICS. What subject can be more interesting and important to Us, whether we consider ourselves as a Committee of Religion, a Parliament of Women, or an Assembly of Protestants? Was such a design to be carried into execution, the free use of our tongues would be taken away; we should never be suffered perhaps to speak to the other sex, but through grates and bars; and this place of our Assembly would probably be the abode of Nuns and Friars. But lest you should think me thus alarmed without reason, I shall now lay before you the grounds of my complaint; that, if it is not too late, we may prevent the evil, or, if it is, we may remove it.

My fears are grounded on those remarks, that have long been made on the Dress of the sex. Constant as the men have stiled us to the love of change,

change, little have they imagined, that Popery was invariably the object, to which every innovation was designed to lead. So long ago as when, to the honour of our sex, a Queen was upon the throne, it was the fashion, as we may learn from * *Pope*, for the ladies to wear upon their breasts a flaming *Cross*. The same fashion has been transmitted to the present times. What, Madam, is this but downright Popery? In the Catholic countries they are contented with erecting Crucifixes in their roads and churches; but alas! in this Protestant kingdom Crosses are alike to be seen in places sacred and profane, the court, the play-house,—and (pardon me ladies!) this venerable Assembly itself is not without them. I am apt to suspect, that this heterodox introduction of the Cross into the female dress had an higher original than the days of Queen *Ann*, whose affection for the Church was very well known. It seems rather to have been imported among us, together with the *Jesuits*, by the Popish consorts of the first or second *Charles*: or perhaps the ladies first wore it in complaisance to the *English Pope Joan*, Queen *Mary*. This much is certain, that at the same time our pious reformer Queen

* Upon her breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.

Elizabeth expelled the Cross from our altars, she effectually secured the necks of our ladies from this superstition, by the introduction of the Ruff.

THE next part of our dress that I shall mention, which favours of Popery, is the CAPUCHIN. This garment in truth has a near resemblance to that of the Frier, whose name it bears. Our grandmothers had already adopted the Hood; their daughters by a gradual advance introduced the rest; but far greater improvements were still in store for Us. We all of us remember, for it is not above two years ago, how all colours were neglected for that of PURPLE. In Purple we glowed from the hat to the shoe; and in such request were the ribbands and silks of that favourite colour, that neither the milliner, mercer, nor dyer himself could answer the demand. Who but must think, that this arose from Popish principles? And though it may be urged, that the admired *Fanny*, who first introduced it, is no Nun, yet you may all remember, that the Church of *Rome* herself has been styled the SCARLET, or as some render it, the PURPLE WHORE.

BUT to prove indisputably our manifest approaches to Popery, let me now refer you to that fashionable cloak, which (sorry I am to see it)

is

is wore by the far greater part even of this Assembly, and which indeed is with great propriety styled the *CARDINAL*. For were his Holiness the Pope to be introduced among us, he would almost fancy himself in his own Conclave: and were I not too well acquainted with my sisters principles, I myself should be induced to think, that to those in such grave attire nothing but a cloyster and a grate was wanting. As to those of gayer colours, you need not be told, that there are White and Grey Friars abroad as well as Black; and as the *English* are so remarkable for improving on their originals, we shall not then be surpris'd at the variety of colours that appear among us.

It has been whispered too, that some of my sisters have been so fond of the Monkish austerities, as to have their heads shaved. This I do not aver of my own knowledge; but, if it is so, they still condescend to wear artificial locks: though it would not be at all strange, if they also should soon be laid aside, as they are already prepared for it by leaving off their caps. I shall only desire you still farther to reflect, how fashionable it is for the ladies to shine with borrowed faces; and then I believe you will readily allow, that their votaries, the men, are in great danger
also

also of being seduced to Popery; since do they not already, by the compliments they pay to a painted face, address an Image and adore a Picture?

WHAT has now been said will induce you, I hope to pay a proper regard to the following Resolutions; which, I humbly move, may be agreed to by this Committee, and represented to the House.

Resolved,
That it is the opinion of this Committee, that in order to prevent the growth of Popery, no garments shall for the future be imported, of Popish make, or distinguished by Popish names.

Resolved,
That in order to inforce a due obedience, every one shall be obliged to practice the austerities of the Sect they imitate; so that, for example, the *Cardinals* shall be compelled to lead a single life, and the *Capuchins* to go bare-foot.

Lastly,
It is recommended that, as a farther sanction to the Bill proposed, every offender, who shall be deemed incorrigible, shall be banished from

all

all routs, and transported to her country seat for seven winters.

THIS Motion was strongly seconded by lady *Mend'em*; who urged in it's support that to her certain knowledge, many of the sex very frequently assembled at one another's houses, and particularly on the Sabbath, where Mass Books were actually laid before them, and the warmest adoration paid to some small Pictures or painted Images, which, she was told, resembled some Kings and Queens that had been long canonized: and the Offerings, that were constantly made at their Shrines, would (she said) be found, on a moderate computation, to exceed those that were formerly made at the tomb of *Thomas à Becket*. She added, that, after the Catholic custom, they always fasted on those nights, or, if they supped at all, it was only on FISH.

THE chief speaker on the other side of the question was lady *Smart*, one of the representatives for *Grosvenor-Square*; who by the bye was strongly suspected of being a prejudiced person, her enemies not denying that she had charms, which could almost sanctify error itself. Nobody, she said, could suspect the sex of inclining to Popery, who observed the aversion they all discovered

covered to a single life. The uses of the obnoxious garments were allowed to be many; the names at least were innocent; and the cry against them, she was sure, could only be raised by the old and the ugly; since nothing could be so fantastick, as not to become a pretty woman.

HER ladyship was joined by the Beauties present; but they being few, their objections were over-ruled, and the Motion was carried. The next day the House, on receiving the Report, after some debate agreed to the Resolutions, and a Bill was ordered to be prepared and brought in accordingly. Though at the same time they were of opinion, *Nem. Con.* that, if the FIG-LEAF BILL took place, these restrictions would be quite needless.

NUMB. LXIII. Thursday, April 10, 1755.

Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.

VIRG.

*From a long line of Grandams draws his Blood,
And counts his great great Grandfires from the Flood.*

To Mr. T O W N.

S I R, Cambridge, April 4.

IF you are a true sportsman, and have the honour of the Turf at heart, you must have observed with the utmost concern a late account in the news-papers, that “ WHITE-NOSE died “ at *Doncaster* of a mortification in his foot.”

An article of this nature, and at such a time, must strike a damp on all gentlemen breeders; and for my part I cannot help looking on the present races at *Newmarket*, as funeral games in honour of the memory of WHITE-NOSE. The death of a stallion of such consequence is a public calamity to all knowing ones in the kingdom: nor does such an accident bring with it the least consolation; especially since it is not the fashion to PIT the lives of horses, as as well as men, against each other.

ITALIAN

ITALIAN grey-hounds, Dutch lap-dogs, monkeys, and maccaws, have been honoured with monuments and epitaphs. But a race-horse as much surpasses these insignificant animals, as WHITE-NOSE was superior to a pack-horse: and I cannot but think, than an obelisk (with a proper inscription drawn up by Messieurs *Heber* and *Pond*) should be erected near *Devil's-Ditch* or *Choak-Jade* on *Newmarket Heath*, in honour to his memory. With what astonishment might we then read of his *powerful deep rate*, by which all the horses that ran against him were *no-where*? With what rapture should we then recount his rapid victories in the field, (more surprising than those of the duke of *Marlborough*) by which he won *Tewksbury*, won *Chipping-Norton*, won *Lincoln*, won *York*, &c? But, above all, we should admire the noble BLOOD which flowed in his veins, and with reverence contemplate the illustrious names of his great, great, great, great grandfathers and grandams. There is not the least flaw in the BLOOD of WHITE-NOSE's family: and his epitaph might conclude, in imitation of that famous one on the duke of *Newcastle's* monument, "that all the Sons were remarkable
 " Stallions, and all the Daughters excellent
 " Breeders."

THE

THE pedigrees of our race-horses have been always preserved with as much care and exactness, as the Tree of Descent among the family of a *Spanish* grandee or *Polish* nobleman; nor does the *Welchman* derive greater honour from proving himself the fiftieth cousin to *Cadwallader* or *Caractacus* through a long line of *David Ap Shenkins*, *Ap Morgans*, *Ap Powells*, *Ap Prices*, than the horse by being half brother to the *Godolphin Barb*, or full cousin by the dam's side to the *Bloody-Shoulder'd Arabian*. The *Romans* were no less curious in the breed of their horses, and paid the greatest honours to those, that beat the whole *CIRCUS hollow*. They even erected monuments to their memory; of which *Lipsius* gives us the following remarkable instance. *Clarissime lapis vetus, quem Romæ olim vidi et exscripsi. In medio vir est, qui dextrâ baculum, sinistrâ pabulum tenet: extrinsecus duo sunt affilientes equi cum geminâ inscriptione;—AQUILO, Nepos AQUILONIS vicit cxxx. secundas tulit lxxxviii. tertias tulit xxxvii. — Altera, — HIRPINUS, Nepos AQUILONIS vicit cxiv. secundas tulit lvi. tertias tulit xxxvi. Habes itaque ipsum hic HIRPINUM, atque adeò ejus Avum AQUILONEM.* I could wish, that the same honours were paid to our horses: I would at least propose, that the names, pedigrees, and a list of the plates won by victorious horses,

horses, should be inscribed on the posts of all courses, where they have made themselves famous. These memorials might serve to perpetuate the renown of our racers, and would furnish posterity with a more complete history of the Turf than the *Sportsman's Calendar*.

YOU will undoubtedly observe, Mr. TOWN, that in the extract concerning horses, with which I have just presented you from *Lipsius*, a man is also mentioned; the account of whom would, if modernized, run in the following terms. "In the middle of the monument stood a man, with a whip in his right hand, and a feed of corn in his left." Hence it appears, that the *Romans* intended to do honour to the charioteer as well as the horses; and it is a pity, that we do not also imitate them in this particular, and pay equal respect to our Jockeys. The chariot-race was not more celebrated among the ancients, than the horse-race is at present; and the *Circus* at *Rome* never drew together so noble an assembly as the modern Course. Nor do I see any reason, why *Theron* should be more applauded for carrying off the prize at *Elis* or *Pisa*, than *Tom Marshall* for winning the plate at *York* or *Newmarket*. The charioteers of old were, indeed, composed of the greatest princes and

and persons of the first rank, who prided themselves on their dexterity in managing the reins, and driving their own chariots. In this they have been imitated by several of our modern gentry, who value themselves on being excellent coachmen: and it is with infinite pleasure, that I have lately observed persons of fashion at all races affect the dress and manners of grooms. And as gentlemen, like the ancient charioteers, begin to enter the race themselves, and ride their own horses, it is probable, that we shall soon see the best Jockeys among the first of our nobility.

THAT the encomiums of the horse should so frequently be enlarged on, without entering into the praises of the Jockey, is indeed something wonderful; when we consider how much the beast is under his direction, and that the strength and fleetness of *Victorious* or *Driver* would be of no use without the skill and honesty of the rider. Large sums have been lost by an horse running, accidentally without doubt, on the wrong side of the post; and We Knowing-Ones, Mr. TOWN, have frequently seen great dexterity and management exerted, in contriving that one of the best horses in the field should be distanced. The Jockey has, indeed, so great a share in the

VOL. II. L success

success of the race, that every man, who has ever betted five pounds, is acquainted with his consequence; and does not want to be told, that the victory depends at least as often on the rider as the horse.

I CANNOT help agreeing with Lady *Pentweazle* in the farce, that “if there was as much care taken
 “in the breed of the human species, as there is
 “in that of dogs and of horses, we should not
 “have so many puny half-formed animals as we
 “daily see among us:” and every thorough sportsman very well knows, that as much art is required in bringing up a Jockey, as the beast he is to ride. In every respect the same care must be had to keep him in wind; and he must be in like manner dieted, put in sweats, and exercised, to bring him down to a proper weight. Much depends upon the size of the man as well as horse: for a rider of the same dimensions with a grenadier would no more be fit to come upon the Turf as a Jockey, than an awkward thing taken out of the shafts of a dray could ever appear at the starting post as a race-horse. This is obvious to every one; and I could not help smiling at what my landlord at the *White Bear* said the other day to a little fellow-commoner of St. *John's*, (who would fain
 be

be thought a Knowing One) by way of compliment : “ My worthy master, said the landlord, it “ is a thousand pities you should be a gowmsman, “ when you would have made such a special “ postboy or Jockey.”

My chief inducement to write to you at present, Mr. TOWN, was to desire you to use your endeavours to bring the Jockey into equal esteem with the animal he bestrides ; and to beg, that you would promote the settling an established scheme for the preservation of his breed. In order to this I would humbly propose, that a stud for the Jockeys should be immediately built near the stables at *Newmarket* ; that their genealogies should be duly registered ; that the breed should be crossed as occasion might require, and that the best horsemen, and of the lightest weights, should intermarry with the full sisters of those who had won most plates ; and, in a word, the same methods used for the improvement of the Jockeys as their horses. I have here sent you the exact pedigree of a famous Jockey, taken with all that care just now prescribed : and I doubt not, if my scheme was universally put in execution, but we should excel all other nations in our horsemen, as we already do in our horses.

TO RIDE this SEASON,

AN able JOCKEY, fit to start for Match, Sweepstakes, or King's Plate; well sized; can mount twelve Stone, or strip to a Feather; is sound Wind and Limb, and free from Blemishes. He was got by *Yorkshire Tom*, out of a full sister to *Deptford Nan*: His Dam was got by the noted *Matchim Tims*; his Grandam was the *German Princess*; and his Great Grandam was Daughter to *Flanders Moll*. His Sire won the King's Plate at *York* and *Hambleton*, the Lady's Subscription Purse at *Nottingham*, the Give-and-Take at *Lincoln*, and the Sweepstakes at *Newmarket*. His Grandfire beat *Dick Rogers* at *Epsom* and *Burford*, and *Patrick McCuttem* over the *Curragh* of *Kildare*. His Great Grandfire, and Great Great Grandfire, rode for King *Charles* the second; and so noble is the Blood, which flows in this Jockey's Veins, that none of his Family were ever Distanced, Stood above Five Feet Five, or Weighed more than Twelve Stone.

W

NUMB. LXIV. *Thursday, April 17, 1755.*

Canes legatos misere, ———
Ut sese eriperent hominum contumeliis.

PHÆDR.

*Hounds, Pointers, Mastiffs, Lap-dogs sue for help,
With many a doleful howl, and piteous yelp.*

RETURNING the other night from the coffee-house, where I had just been reading the *Votes, I found myself on a sudden oppressed by a drowsiness, that seemed to promise me as sound a repose in my great chair, as my dog already enjoyed by the fire-side. I willingly indulged it; and had hardly closed my eyes, before I fell into the following dream.

METHOUGHT the door of my room on a sudden flew open, and admitted a great variety of Dogs of all sorts and sizes, from the mastiff to the lap-dog. I was surprised at this appearance; but my amazement was much increased, when I saw a large Grey-hound ad-

* A Bill had been brought into Parliament for laying a Tax upon Dogs.

vancing towards me, and heard him thus address me in an human voice.

"You cannot, Sir, be ignorant of the panic that prevails among all our species, on account of a scheme now on foot for our destruction. That slaughter, which was formerly made among the wolves of this land, and in which our ancestors bore so large a share, is now going to be revived among Us. I, for my own part, have no hopes of escaping, as you will easily judge when you hear my case. My master owes his subsistence to his labour, and with his wages can just maintain me and his three children. In return, I now and then afford him a comfortable meal, by killing him a rabbit in the squire's warren, or picking up an hare, on a Sunday morning. The other services I render him are of equal importance to him, and pleasure to myself. I am his constant companion to the field in the morning, and back again at night: he knows that his cloaths and his wallet are safe in my keeping; and he is sure to be roused on any midnight alarm, when I am in the house.

It is with horror I reflect on the numbers of my relations, who will swing their last, and against

gainst whom this law seems, indeed, to be levelled. Is it not enough, that our merits are neglected, and thought inferior to those of a slow-footed race, who inhabit a spacious kennel in the squire's yard, and who are as many hours in killing an hare as we are minutes? Yet they are kept by the great, attended by the noble, and every day treated with horse-flesh; while I live among the poor, am threatened by the rich, and now probably shall be destroyed by public authority.

I CANNOT deny, but that the favour of the ladies is frequently extended to a small and degenerate race; who, though they bear our name, may very properly be stiled the *Fribbles* of our species. 'Tis true, they are of foreign extraction, which alone is sufficient merit; and seem, indeed, to be as much preferred by the *beau monde* to our *English* Grey-hounds, as their countrymen in the *Haymarket* are to our *English* singers. But though this breed is so diminutive, that I myself have coursed one of them for an hare, yet I will venture to pronounce, that, be the tax what it will, not a *Fido* in the land will be sacrificed to the laws.

OUR request to you is to display our merits to the world, and convince mankind of the in-

nocence of our intentions, and the hardships that we already labour under. Though I have enlarged on my own case, I have the honour to address you in the name of all my brethren; such of them, I mean, as think themselves endangered by this scheme for our destruction. At the same time, we desire you to apprise the public of the hazard they may run, by coming to an open rupture; since, in such a case, the Mastiffs and the Bull-dogs are determined to join their forces, and will sell their lives at the dearest rate."

THIS last resolution was confirmed by a general growl. After which I was thus accosted by another of the company, of the Pointing-breed.

"LITTLE did I think, that the pains I have taken, and the blows I have suffered, to perfect me in the art I profess, would have been thus requited. Having lost the best of masters by an accident from his gun, which I can scarce ever think of without an howl, I have now, like my friend *Smoker*, the misfortune to live with a poor man. A Misfortune I must call it; since alas! he will not be able to save me from the halter, by paying my ransom. He too, I am afraid, will

will be reduced to beggary; since, at present, I and his gun are his chief support. If he is deprived of me, and thereby prevented from what the rich maliciously term *poaching*, his best resource will be to dispatch himself with his gun before he surrenders it, or to hang himself with the same rope that ties up me. When I was a puppy, I was every day fed in the kitchen, and caressed in the parlour; and I have now a brother, that always points for the best of company. What though our race has been frequently reproached? What though we, together with the Spaniels, have been accused, I do not say wrongfully, of crouching to our enemies, and licking the hand that beats us? Is not this every day practised among Your species? And is it not countenanced by the greatest examples? In fawning and flattering we are by no means singular; and crouching and cringing are not confined to the brute species.

I VERY heartily second the request of my friend; and I doubt not, but the arguments you will use in our behalf will be able to divert the storm that threatens us. This you may be assured of, that if my life is spared through your means, it shall be devoted to your service; and you shall sup, as often as you please, on a brace of birds."

THIS speech was attended with a bark of applause; and I was next accosted by a Lap-dog, who, after dolefully shaking his ears, began the following harangue.

“THOUGH I am aware, that many of my species will remain unhurt by this scheme devised for our destruction, yet I have on my own account great reason to be alarmed. I was born, indeed, in a noble family in St. *James’s* Square, but unfortunately was within these three months resigned over to my present mistress, an old maid, who has been through her whole life as frugal of her money as her favours. She is, indeed, so very saving, that I have more than once been beat for lapping up her breakfast cream; and it was but last week, that I was severely corrected for devouring a sheep’s heart, for which she had been to market herself. Such a mistress will undoubtedly sacrifice me to this cruel tax; and though you may perhaps imagine, that the loss of life in these circumstances is not much to be regretted, yet death is a terrible remedy, and a living dog is better than a dead lion. But if some of our species must perish, surely a regard should be had to national merit; and the storm should first fall on those foreign intruders, who, by the flatness of their noses, are supposed to be of *Dutch* extraction. If

If the ladies also have any regard for the honour of their country, or any love remaining for us, it becomes them to take our case into consideration. And I make no doubt, since the FEMALE PARLIAMENT is now sitting, (if you, Sir, would but draw up a petition in our favour,) as the other sex have taken necessary precautions for the preservation of the Game, the ladies would in their turn bring in a bill for the preservation of Lap-dogs."

VARIOUS were the arguments, that many others used in their own behalf. The Mastiff insisted on the protection he afforded us, and the terror he struck into thieves and house-breakers. King *Charles's* black favourites came fawning upon me, and hoped that their breed might be preserved in deference to the taste of so witty a monarch. I could not help smiling at the argument made use of by a Bull-dog from *Norfolk*; who declared, that he was so instrumental to the mirth of the county, that he firmly believed they would never part with him: but begged at the same time, that, if sentence must pass, it might be changed into banishment, and that *Spain* (where Bull-feasts are held in so much honour) might be the place of his transportation.

His eloquence and gesture of my four-footed visitors had such an influence over me, that I was just going to answer them in the manner they could wish; when my own Dog on a sudden jumped into my lap, and roused me from my dream.

A pretty fellow lacks his pale complexion.

NUMB. LXV. Thursday, April 24, 1755.

immoderate draughts of

Nec tamen indignum est, quod vobis cura placendi,

Cum comptos habeant secula nostra Viros.

more, to repair the loss, they are obliged to

substitute the unwholesome diluents of art for the

Blame not the Belles, since modern times can shew

That ape of female foppery, call'd a Beau.

I must leave it to you, Mr. Town, or your

ingenious friends, to deliver upon this

subject; and will only just appeal to the ladies,

whether a smooth fair face is a proper com-

-S I R,

AS no one has a greater respect for the fair

sex than myself, I was highly pleased with

a letter inserted some time ago in your paper,

ridiculing the detestable use of paint among the

ladies. This practice is, indeed, too general;

and for my part, when I meet a blooming fresh-

coloured face in town, I no more take it for the

real face belonging to the lady, than I imagine

Queen

Queen-Ann's pourtrait delineated on a sign-post
to be her Majesty's flesh and blood.

BUT this fashion is not confined to the ladies. I am ashamed to tell you, that we are indebted to *Spanish Wool* for many of our masculine ruddy complexions. A pretty fellow lackers his pale face with as many varnishes as a fine lady; and it is well known, that late hours at the card-table, amusements at *Haddock's*, immoderate draughts of Champagne, and sleeping all night upon a bulk, will strip the most healthy complexion of it's roses. Therefore, to repair the loss, they are obliged to substitute the unwholesome disguise of art for the native hue of a vigorous constitution.

I MUST leave it to you, Mr. TOWN, or your ingenious correspondent, to enlarge upon this subject; and will only just appeal to the ladies, whether a smooth fair face is a proper recommendation of a man to their favour; and whether they do not look upon those of the other sex as a contemptible sort of rivals, who aspire to be thought charming and pretty? As many females are also conscious, that they themselves endeavour to conceal by art the defects of nature, they are apt to suspect those of our sex, who are so very solicitous to set off their persons: and, indeed,

I fear

I fear it will be found upon examination, that most of our pretty fellows, who lay on Carmine, are painting a rotten post.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

W. MANLY.

MANY of my readers will, I dare say, be hardly persuaded, that this custom could have ever prevailed as a branch of male soppery: But it is too notorious, that our fine gentlemen, in several other instances besides the article of paint, affect the softness and delicacy of the fair sex. The male beauty has his washes, perfumes, and cosmetics; and takes as much pains to set a gloss on his complexion, as the footman in jappanning his shoes. He has his dressing-room, and (which is still more ridiculous) his Toilet too; at which he sits as many hours repairing his battered countenance, as a decayed toast dressing for a birth-night. I had once an opportunity of taking a survey of one of these Male-Toilets; and, as such a curiosity may perhaps prove entertaining to my readers, I shall here give a description of it.

HAVING occasion one morning to wait on a Very Pretty Fellow, I was desired by the *Valet de Chambre*

de Chambre to walk into the dressing-room, as his master was not stirring. I was accordingly shewn into a neat little chamber, hung round with *Indian* paper, and adorned with several little images of Pagods and Bramins, and vessels of *Chelsea China*, in which were set various-coloured sprigs of artificial flowers. But the Toilet most excited my admiration; where I found every thing was intended to be agreeable to the *Chinese* taste. A looking-glass, enclosed in a whimsical frame of *Chinese* paling, stood upon a *Japan* table, over which was spread a coverlid of the finest Chints. I could not but observe a number of boxes of different sizes, which were all of them *Japan*, and lay regularly disposed on the table. I had the curiosity to examine the contents of several: in one I found lip-salve, in another a roll of pig-tail, and in another the ladies black sticking plaister; but the last which I opened very much surprised me, as I saw nothing in it but a number of little pills. I likewise remarked, on one part of the table, a tooth-brush and sponge, with a pot of *Delescot's* opiate; and on the other side, water for the eyes. In the middle stood a bottle of *Eau de Luce*, and a roll of perfumed pomatum. Almond pastes, powder-puffs, hair-combs, brushes, nippers, and the like, made up the rest of this fantastick equipage.

But,

But, among many other whimsies, I could not conceive for what use a very small ivory comb could be designed, 'till the valet informed me, that it was a comb for the eye-brows.

It must be confessed, that there are some men of such a delicate make and silky constitution, that it is no wonder, if gentlemen of such a lady-like generation have a natural tendency to the refinements and softnesses of females. These tender dear creatures are generally bred up immediately under the wing of their mammas, and scarce fed with any thing less innocent than her milk. They are never permitted to study, lest it should hurt their eyes, and make their heads ache; nor suffered to use any exercises, like other boys, lest a fine hand should be spoiled by being used too roughly. While other lads are flogged into the five declensions, and at length lashed through a whole school, these pretty masters are kept at home to improve in whip-syllabubs, pastry, and *face-painting*. In consequence of which, when other young fellows begin to appear like men, these dainty creatures come into the world with all the accomplishments of a lady's woman.

BUT

BUT if the common foibles of the female world are ridiculous even in these equivocal half-men, these neuter somethings between male and female, how awkwardly must they fit upon the more robust and masculine part of mankind? What indeed can be more absurd, than to see an huge fellow with the make of a porter, and fit to mount the stage as a champion at *Broughton's* Amphitheatre, sitting to varnish his broad face with paint and Benjamin-wash? For my part, I never see a great looby aiming at *delicately*, but he seems as strange and uncouth a figure as *Achilles* in petticoats. This folly is also to be particularly condemned, when it appears in the more solemn characters of life, to which a gravity of appearance is essential; and in which the least marks of foppery seems as improper, as a physician would seem ridiculous prescribing in a bag-wig, or a serjeant pleading in the Court of Common Pleas in his own hair instead of a night-cap periwig. As I think an instance or two of this kind would shew this folly in the most striking light, I shall here subjoin two characters; in whom, as it is most improper, it will consequently appear most ridiculous.

JOHN HARDMAN is upwards of six feet high, and stout enough to beat two of the sturdiest chairmen,

chairmen, that ever came out of *Ireland*. Nature, indeed, seems to have intended *John* himself to carry a chair: but fortune has enabled him to appear in whatever character he likes best; and he has wisely discovered, that none will sit so easy on him as that of a pretty fellow. It is therefore, his study to new-mould his face and person. He throws his goggle eyes into leers, languishes, and ogles; and endeavours to draw up his hideous mouth, which extends from one ear to the other, into a simper. His voice, which is naturally of a deeper bass than an hurdy-gurdy, is in a manner set to a new tune; and his speech, which is very much tinctured with the broad dialect of a particular county, is delivered with so much nicety and gentleness, that every word is minced and clipt in order to appear soft and delicate. When he walks, he endeavours to move his unweildy figure along in the pert trip, or easy shambling pace of our pretty fellows: and he commonly carries a thin jemmy stick in his hand, which naturally reminds us of *Hercules* with a distaff.

THE Reverend Mr. JESSAMY, (who took orders, only because there was a good living in the family) is known among the ladies by the name of the Beau-Parson. He is, indeed, the
 most

most delicate creature imaginable; and differs so much from the generality of the clergy, that I believe the very sight of a plumb-pudding would make him swoon. Out of his Canonicals, his constant dress is what they call Parson's-Blue lined with white, a black sattin waistcoat, velvet breeches, and silk stockings. His pumps are of dog-skin, made by *Tull*; and it is said, that he had a joint of one of his toes cut off, whose length, being out of all proportion, prevented his having an handsome foot. His very grizzle is scarce orthodox: for, though it would be open Schism to wear a bag, yet his wig has always a bag-front, and is properly cropt behind, that it may not eclipse the lustre of his diamond stock-buckle. He cannot bear the thoughts of being sea-sick; or else he declares he would certainly go abroad, where he might again resume his laced cloaths, and appear like a gentleman in a bag-wig and sword.

T

NUME.

NUMB. LXVI. *Thursday, May 1, 1755.*

*Detrahere et pellem, nitidus quâ quisque per ora
Cederet.* ————— *HOR.*

*Where all, their beauties to full view display'd,
May undisguis'd appear in Masquerade.*

AMONG the many exotic diversions, that have been transplanted into this country, there is no one more cultivated, or which seems to have taken deeper root among us, than that modest and rational entertainment the Masquerade. This, as well as the Opera, is originally of *Italian* growth, and was brought over hither by the celebrated *Heideger*; who, on both accounts, justly acquired among his own countrymen the honourable title of *Sur-Intendant des Plaisirs d' Angleterre*.

IHAVE called the Masquerade a modest and rational entertainment. As to the first, no one can have the least scruple about it's innocence, if he considers, that it is always made a part of the education of our polite females; and that the most virtuous woman is not ashamed to appear there

there. If it be objected, that a lady is exposed to hear many indecencies from the men, (as the mask gives them a privilege to say any thing, though ever so rude) it may be answered, that no lady is obliged to take the affront to herself; because, as she goes disguised, the indignity is not offered to her in her own proper person. Besides, according to *Dryden*,

She cannot blush, because they cannot see.

As to the rationality of this entertainment, every one will agree with me, that these midnight orgies are full as rational as sitting up all night at the card-table. Nor is it more strange, that five or six hundred people should meet together in disguises purposely to conceal themselves, than that the same number should assemble at a rout, where most of the company are wholly unacquainted with each other.

BUT we can never enough admire the wit and humour of these meetings; which chiefly consists in exhibiting the most fantastic appearances, that the most whimsical imagination can possibly devise. A common person may be content with appearing as a Chinese, a Turk, or a Friar: but the true genius will ransack earth, air, and
seas,

seas, reconcile contradictions, and call in things inanimate, as well as animate to his assistance; and the more extravagant and out of nature his dress can be contrived, the higher is the joke. I remember one gentleman above six foot high, who came to the Masquerade dress'd like a child in a white frock and leading-strings, attended by another gentleman of a very low stature, who officiated as his nurse. The same witty spark took it into his head at another time to personate Fame, and was stuck all over with peacock's feathers by way of eyes: but when he came to fasten on his wings, they were spread to so enormous a length, that no coach or chair was spacious enough to admit him; so that he was forced to be convey'd along the streets on a chairman's horse, covered with a blanket. Another gentleman, of no less humour, very much surpris'd the company by carrying a thatched house about him, so contrived, that no part of him could be seen, except his face, which was looking out of the casement: but this joke had like to have cost him dear, as another wag was going to set fire to the building, because he found by the leaden policy affixed to the front, that the tenement was insured. In a word, dogs, monkeys, ostriches, and all kinds of monsters, are as frequently to be met with at the Masquerade,

Masquerade, as in the *Covent-Garden* Pantomimes; and I once saw with great delight a gentleman, who personated one of *Bayes's* recruits, prance a minuet on his hobby-horse, with a dancing bear for his partner.

I HAVE said before, that the Masquerade is of foreign extraction, and imported to us from abroad. But as the *English*, though slow at invention, are remarkable for improving on what has already been invented, it is no wonder that we should attempt to heighten the *gusto* of this entertainment, and even carry it beyond the licence of a foreign Carnival. There is something too insipid in our fine gentlemen stalking about in dominos; and it is rather cruel to eclipse the pretty faces of our fine ladies with hideous masks; for which reasons it has been judged requisite to contrive a Masquerade upon a new plan, and in an entire new taste. We all remember, when (a few years ago) a celebrated lady endeavoured to introduce a new species of Masquerade among us, by lopping off the exuberance of dress; and she herself first set the example, by stripping to the character of *Iphigenia* undrest for the sacrifice. I must own it is a matter of some surprise to me, considering the propensity of our modern ladies to get rid of their

their cloaths, that other *Iphigenias* did not immediately start up, and that Nuns and Vestals should be suffered ever after to be seen among the Masks. But this project, it seems, was not then sufficiently ripe for execution, as a certain awkward thing, called Bashfulness, had not yet been banished from the female world; and to the present enlightened times was reserved the honour of introducing, however contradictory the term may seem, a *NAKED MASQUERADE*.

WHAT the above-mentioned lady had the hardiness to attempt alone, will, (I am assured) be set on foot by our persons of fashion, as soon as the hot days come in. *Ranelagh* is the place pitched upon for their meeting; where it is proposed to have a Masquerade *Al Fresco*, and the whole company to display all their charms in *puris naturalibus*. The *Pantheon of the Heathen Gods*, *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, and *Titian's Prints*, will supply them with a sufficient variety of undrest characters. One set of ladies, I am told, intend to personate *Water-Nymphs* bathing in the canal: Three sisters, celebrated for their charms, design to appear together as the *Three Graces*: And a certain lady of quality, who most resembles the Goddess of Beauty, is now practising, from a model of the noted statue of *Venus de Medici*,

dis, the most striking attitude for that character. As to the gentlemen, they may most of them represent very suitably the half-brutal forms of *Satyrs*, *Pans*, *Fauns*, and *Centauers*: Our *Beaux* may assume the semblance of the beardless *Apollo*, or (which would be more natural) may admire themselves in the person of *Narcissus*; and our *Bucks* might act quite in character, by running about stark-naked with their mistresses, and committing the maddest freaks, like the Priests and Priestesses of *Bacchus* celebrating the *Bacchanalian* Mysteries.

IF this scheme for a NAKED MASQUERADE should meet with encouragement, (as there is no doubt but it must) it is proposed to improve it still further. Persons of fashion cannot but lament, that there are no diversions allotted to Sunday, except the card-table; and they can never enough regret, that the Sunday evening tea-drinkings at *Ranelagh* were laid aside, from a superstitious regard to religion. They, therefore, intend to have a particular sort of Masquerade on that day; in which they may shew their taste, by ridiculing all the old womens tales contained in that idle book of fables, the Bible, while the vulgar are devoutly attending to them at church. This, indeed, is not without a pa-

rallel : We have already had an instance of an *Eve* ; and by borrowing the serpent in *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, we might have the whole story of the Fall of Man exhibited in Masquerade.

It must, indeed, be acknowledged, that this project has already taken place among the lowest of the people, who seem to have been the first contrivers of a NAKED MASQUERADE : and last summer I remember an article in the newspapers, that “ several persons of both sexes were “ assembled Naked at *Pimlico*, and being carried before a magistrate were sent to *Bridewell*.” This, indeed, is too refined a pleasure to be allowed the vulgar ; and every body will agree with me, that the same act, which at the *Green Lamps* or *Pimlico* appears low and criminal, may be extremely polite and commendable in the *Haymarket* or at *Ranelagh*.

W

NUMB.

NUMB. LXVII. *Thursday, May 8, 1755.*

O imitatores, servum pecus! — HOR.

*Dull imitators! like the servile hack,
Still slowly plodding in the beaten track.*

To Mr. TOWN.

SIR,

BAYES in the *Rehearsal* frequently boasts it as his chief excellence, that he treads on no man's heels, that he scorns to follow the steps of others; and when he is asked the reason of inserting any absurdity in his play, he answers, *because it is new*. The poets of the present time run into the contrary error: They are so far from endeavouring to elevate and surprise by any thing original, that their whole business is Imitation; and they jingle their bells in the same road with those that went before them, with all the dull exactness of a packhorse.

THE generality of our writers wait 'till a new walk is pointed out to them by some leading genius; when it immediately becomes so hackneyed and beaten, that an author of credit is

almost ashamed to appear in it among such bad company. No sooner does one man of parts succeed in any particular mode of writing, but he is followed by a thousand dunces. A good elegy makes the little scribblers direct their whole bent to subjects of grief; and, for a whole winter, the press groans with melancholy. One novel of reputation fills all the garrets of *Grub-Street* with reams of histories and adventures, where volume is spun out after volume, without the least wit, humour, or incident. In a word, as *Bayes* obviated all objections to his nonsense by saying *it was new*, if a modern writer, was asked why he chose any particular manner of writing, he might reply, *because it is the fashion*.

TRUE genius will not give into such idle extravagant flights of imagination as *Bayes*; it will not turn funerals into banquets, or introduce armies in disguise; but still it will not confine itself to the narrow track of Imitation. I cannot help thinking, that it is more owing to this servile spirit in the authors of the present times, than to their want of abilities, that we cannot now boast a set of eminent writers: and it is worthy observation, that, whenever any age has been distinguished by a great number of excellent authors, they have most of them cultivated

tivated *different* branches of poetry from each other. This was the case in the age of *Augustus*, as appears from the works of *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, &c. And to come down as late as possible, this is evident from our last famous set of authors, who flourished in the beginning of this century. We admire *Swift*, *Pope*, *Gay*, *Bolingbroke*, *Addison*, &c. but we admire each for his particular beauties separate and distinguished from the rest.

THESE loose thoughts were thrown together merely to introduce the following little poem, which I think deserves the attention of the public. It was written by a very ingenious gentleman, as a letter to a friend, who was about to publish a volume of miscellanies; and contains all that original spirit, which it so elegantly recommends.

To * * * *

Since now, all scruples cast away,
Your works are rising into day,
Forgive, though I presume to send
This honest counsel of a friend.
Let not your verse, as verse now goes,
Be a strange kind of measur'd prose;

Nor let your prose, which sure is worse,
 Want nought but measure to be verse;
 Write from your own imagination,
 Nor curb your muse by imitation:
 For copies shew, howe'er express,
 A barren genius at the best.

— But Imitation's all the mode —
 Yet where one hits, ten miss the road.

The mimic bard with pleasure sees
Mat. Prior's unaffected ease;
 Assumes his style, affects a story,
 Sets every circumstance before ye,
 The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
 And "mars a curious tale in telling;"
 Observes how *EASY Prior* flows,
 Then runs his numbers down to prose.

Others have fought the filthy stew
 To find a dirty slipshod Muse.
 Their groping genius, while it rakes
 The bogs, the common-sew'rs, and jakes,
 Ordure and filth in rhyme exposes,
 Disgustful to our eyes and noses;
 With many a — dash that must offend us,
 And much * * * * *

* * * * *
 * * * * *

* * * * * *Hiatus non defendus.*

O *Swift*! how wouldst thou blush to see,
Such are the bards who copy Thee?

This *Milton* for his plan will chuse,
Wherein resembling *Milton's* Muse?

Milton, like thunder, rolls along

In all the majesty of song:

While his low mimics meanly creep,

Not quite awake, nor quite asleep;

Or, if their thunder chance to roll,

'Tis thunder of the mustard-bowl.

The stiff expression, phrases strange,

The epithet's preposterous change,

Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,

Such as the judging ear affright,

Stop in mid verse. Ye mimics vile!

Is't thus ye copy *Milton's* style?

His faults religiously ye trace,

But borrow not a single grace.

How few, say whence can it proceed?

Who copy *Milton*, e'er succeed!

But all their labours are in vain;

And wherefore so? The reason's plain.

Take it for granted, 'tis by those

Milton's the model mostly chose,

Who can't write verse, and won't write prose.

Others, who aim at fancy, chuse
 To wooe the gentle *Spenser's* Muse.
 This poet fixes for his theme
 An allegory, or a dream;
 Fiction and truth together joins
 Through a long waste of flimzy lines;
 Fondly believes his fancy glows,
 And image upon image grows;
 Thinks his strong muse takes wondrous flights
 Whene'er she sings of PEERLESS WIGHTS,
 Of DENS, of PALFREYS, SPELLS and KNIGHTS:
 'Till allegory, (*Spenser's* veil
 T' instruct and please in moral tale)
 With him's no veil the truth to shroud,
 But one impenetrable cloud.

Others, more daring, fix their hope
 On rivalling the fame of *Pope*.
 Satyr's the word, against the times. —
 These catch the cadence of his rhymes,
 And borne from earth by *Pope's* strong wings,
 Their Muse aspires, and boldly flings
 Her dirt up in the face of kings.
 In these the spleen of *Pope* we find;
 But where the greatness of his mind?
 His numbers are their whole pretence,
 Mere strangers to his manly sense.

Some few, the fav'rites of the Muse,
Whom with her kindest eye she views;
Round whom *Apollo's* brightest rays
Shine forth with undiminish'd blaze;
Some few, my friend, have sweetly trod
In Imitation's dangerous road.
Long as TOBACCO'S mild perfume
Shall scent each happy curate's room;
Oft as in elbow chair he smokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes;
So long, O * *Brown*, shall last thy praise,
Crown'd with TOBACCO-LEAF for Bays;
And whoso'er thy verse shall see,
Shall fill another PIPE to thee.

* *Isaac Hawkins Brown*, Esq; Author of a Piece called
The PIPE OF TOBACCO, a most excellent Imitation of six
different Authors.

 NUMB. LXVIII. *Thursday, May 15, 1755.*

Nunc et campus, et aræ,

Lenesque sub noctem fufurri

Compositâ repetantur horâ.

HOR.

Now Venus in Vaux-Hall her altar rears,

While fiddles drown the music of the spheres:

Now girls hum out their loves to ev'ry tree,

"Young Jockey is the lad, the lad for me!"

THE various seasons of the year produce not a greater alteration in the face of nature, than in the polite manner of passing our time. The diversions of winter and summer are as different as the dog-days and those at *Christmas*; nor do I know any genteel amusement, except Gaming, that prevails during the whole year. As the long days are now coming on, the theatrical gentry, who contributed to dissipate the gloom of our winter evenings, begin to divide themselves into strolling companies; and are packing up their tragedy wardrobes, together with a sufficient quantity of thunder and lightning, for the delight and amazement of the country. In the mean time, the several public Gardens near this metropolis are trimming their trees, levelling their

their walks, and burnishing their lamps, for our reception. At *Vaux-Hall* the artificial ruins are repaired; the cascade is made to spout with several additional streams of block-tin; and they have touched up all the pictures, which were damaged last season by the fingering of those curious *Connoisseurs*, who could not be satisfied without *feeling* whether the figures were alive. The magazine at *Cuper's*, I am told, is furnished with an extraordinary supply of gunpowder, to be shot off in squibs and sky-rockets, or whirled away in blazing suns and *Catharine* wheels: and it is not to be doubted, in case of a war, but that *Neptune* and all his *Tritons* will assist the *British* navy; and as we before took *Porto-Bello* and *Cape-Breton*, we shall now gain new victories over the *French* fleet every night, upon that canal.

HAPPY are they, who can muster up sufficient, at least to hire tickets at the door, once or twice in a season! Not that these pleasures are confined to the rich and the great only: for the lower sort of people have their *Ranelaghs* and their *Vaux-Halls*, as well as the quality. *Perrot's* inimitable Grotto may be seen for only calling for a pot of beer; and the royal diversion of duck-hunting may be had into the bargain, together with a decanter of *Dorchester*, for your six-pence at

Jenny's Whim. Every scottle-alley half a mile out of town is embellished with green arbours and shady retreats, where the company is generally entertained with the melodious scraping of a blind fiddler. And who can resist the luscious temptation of a fine juicy ham, or a delicious buttock of beef stuffed with parsley, accompanied with a foaming decanter of sparkling home-brew'd, which is so invitingly painted at the entrance of almost every village ale-house?

OUR Northern climate will not, indeed, allow us to indulge ourselves in all those pleasures of a garden, which are so feelingly described by our poets. We dare not lay ourselves on the damp ground in shady groves, or by the purling stream; but are obliged to fortify our inside against the cold by good substantial eating and drinking. (For this reason, the extreme costliness of the provisions at our public Gardens has been grievously complained of by those gentry, to whom a supper at these places is as necessary a part of the entertainment, as the singing or the fire-works. Poor Mr. *John* sees with an heavy heart the profits of a whole week's card-money, devoured in tarts and cheese-cakes, by Mrs. House-keeper or My Lady's Own Woman; and the substantial breid, who comes from behind the counter two

for three evenings in the summer, can never enough regret the thin wafer-like slices of beef and ham, that taste of nothing but the knife.

I WAS greatly diverted last saturday evening at *Vaux-Hall* with the shrewd remarks made on this very head by an honest citizen, whose wife and two daughters had, I found, prevailed on him to carry them to the Garden. As I thought there was something curious in their behaviour, I went into the next box to them, where I had an opportunity of seeing and over-hearing every thing that past.

AFTER some talk,—“Come, come, (said the old don) it is high time, I think, to go to supper.” To this the ladies readily assented; and one of the misses said, “Do let us have a chick, papa.” “Zounds (said the father) they are half a crown a-piece, and no bigger than a sparrow.” Here the old lady took him up—“You are so stingy, Mr. *Rose*, there is no bearing you. When one is out upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody: and what signifies a few shillings once and away, when a body is about it?” This reproof so effectually silenced the old gentleman, that the youngest miss had the courage to put in a word for

for some ham likewise. Accordingly the waiter was called, and dispatched by the old lady with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, our honest cit twirled the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance; then taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, "how much there was of it." "A shilling's worth," "Sir," said the fellow.—"Prithee, said the don, how much dost think it weighs?—An ounce?—A shilling an ounce! that is sixteen shillings *per* pound!—A reasonable profit truly!—Let me see—suppose now the whole ham weighs thirty pounds;—At a shilling *per* ounce, that is, sixteen shillings *per* pound, why your master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham; and if he buys them at the best hand, and salts them and cures them himself, they don't stand him in ten shillings a-piece." The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed for him, and asked him if people must not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, she tucked it into his shirt-collar, (whence it hung like a bib) and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, at every bit he put into his mouth, amused himself with saying,

saying,—"There goes two-pence—there goes
 "three-pence—there goes a groat.—Zounds
 "a man at these places should not have a swallow
 "so wide as a tom-tit."

THIS scanty repast, we may imagine, was soon dispatched; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham. At length, when only a very small bit was left, as they say, for manners in the dish, our don took a piece of an old news-paper out of his pocket, and gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter-case. "I'll keep thee as a curiosity to my dying day; and
 "I'll shew thee to my neighbour *Horseman*, and
 "ask him if he can make as much of his steaks." Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders—"Why now (says he) to-morrow
 "night I may eat as much cold beef as I can
 "stuff in any tavern in *London*, and pay nothing
 "for it." A dish of tarts, cheese-cakes, and custards next made their appearance at the request of the young ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the father's remonstrance, "that they were
 "four times as dear as at the pastry-cooks."

SUPPER being ended, madam put her spouse in mind to call for wine. — “We *must* have some wine, my dear, or we shall not be looked upon, you know.” “Well, well, says the don, that’s right enough. But do they sell their liquor too by the ounce? —” “Here, drawer, what wine have you got?” The fellow, who by this time began to smoke his guests, answered — “We have exceeding good *French* wine of all sorts, and please your honour. Would your honour have a bottle of Champagne, or Burgundy, or Claret, or” — “No, no, none of your wisby-washy outlandish rot-gut for me:” interrupted the citizen. — “A tankard of the Alderman beats all the red Claret wine in the *French* king’s cellar. —” “But come, bring us a bottle of sound old Port: And d’ye hear? let it be good.”

WHILE the waiter was gone, the good man most sadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, “because (she said) it was ungenteele to smoke, where any ladies were in company.” When the wine came, our citizen, gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head, “Aye, aye, said he, the bottom has had a good kick. — And mind how confoundedly it is
“ pinched

“pinched on the sides.—Not above five gills, I warrant.—An old soldier at the *Jerusalem* would beat two of them.—But let us see how it is brewed.” He then poured out a glass; and after holding it up before the candle, smelling to it, sipping it twice or thrice, and smacking his lips, drank it off: but declaring that second thoughts were best, he filled another bumper; and tossing that off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies, having also drank a glass round, affirmed it was very good, and felt warm in the stomach: and even the old gentleman relaxed into such good humour by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and motion he most generously called for another Pint, but charged the waiter “to pick out an honest one.”

WHILE the glass was thus circulating, the family amused themselves with making observations on the Garden. The citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps, and said it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all: the eldest miss declared, that for her part she liked the Dark Walk best of all, because it was *solentary*: little miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would buy it,

it, if she could but carry home the tune: and the old lady observed, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by staring at her through their spy-glasses. In a word, the tarts, the cheese-cakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing seemed to have been quite forgot, 'till the dismal moment approached, when the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerns only the gentlemen, the ladies kept a profound silence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the pay-master undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself: only the old lady had the hardiness to squint at the sum total, and declared "it was pretty reasonable *considering*."

OUR citizen bore his misfortunes with a tolerable degree of patience. He shook his head as he run over every article, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully summed up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for six-pence: then pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket in the inside of his waistcoat, he drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings; which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table.

table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four half-pence in the same exact order; then calling the waiter, — “ There, says he, there’s your “ damage——thirteen and two-pence——And “ hearkye, there’s three-pence over for yourself.” The remaining penny he put into his coat-pocket; and chinking it —— “ This, says he, “ will serve me to-morrow to buy a paper “ of tobacco.”

THE family now prepared themselves for going; and as there were some slight drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman’s coat, that he might not spoil his laced waistcoat; and made him flap his hat, over which she tied his pocket handkerchief, to save his wig: And as the coat itself (she said) had never been worn but three Sundays she even parted with her own Cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out, over his shoulders. In these accoutrements he sallied forth, accompanied by his wife with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs. I followed them quite out of the Garden: and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, the youngest miss asked, “ When shall we come “ again

“again, papa?” “Come again? (said he) What
 “a pox would you ruin me? Once in one’s
 “life is enough; and I think I have done very
 “handsome. Why it would not have cost me
 “above four-pence half-penny to have spent my
 “evening at *Sot’s Hole*; and what with the
 “curfed coach-hire, and all together, here’s al-
 “most a pound gone, and nothing to shew for
 “it.”—“Fye, Mr. *Rose*, I am quite ashamed
 “for you,” replies the old lady. “You are
 “always grudging me and your girls the least
 “bit of pleasure; and you cannot help grum-
 “bling, if we do but go to *Little Hornsey* to drink
 “tea. I am sure, now they are women grown
 “up, they ought to see a little of the world;—
 “and they *shall*.” The old don was not willing
 to pursue the argument any further; and the
 coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to
 the dispute by saying, — “Come, come, let us
 “make haste, wife; or we shall not get home
 “time enough to have my best wig combed
 “out again; — and to-morrow, you know,
 “is Sunday.”

W

NUMB.

NUMB. LXIX. *Thursday, May 22, 1755.*

Dignior est vestro nulla puella choro.

TABULL.

*Behold a train of female wits aspire,
With men to mingle in the Muses' choir.*

IN a visit, which I paid the other day to a lady of great sense and taste, I was agreeably surprised by having two little volumes put into my hands, which have been lately published under the title of "POEMS by EMINENT LADIES." These volumes are, indeed, (as the author of the preface has remarked) "the most solid compliment that can possibly be paid to the fair sex." I never imagined, that our nation could boast so many excellent Poetesses, (whose works are an honour to their country) as were here collected together: And it is with the highest satisfaction I can assure my female readers in particular, that I have found a great number of very elegant pieces among the compositions of these ladies, which cannot be surpassed (I had almost said, equalled) by the most celebrated of our male-writers.

THE

THE pleasure, which I received from reading these poems, made such an impression on my mind, that at night, as soon as I fell asleep, my fancy presented to me the following Dream. I was transported, I know not how, to the regions of *Parnassus*; and found myself in the Court of *Apollo*, surrounded by a great number of our most eminent poets. A cause of the utmost importance was then depending; and the debate was, whether the *English* ladies, who had distinguished themselves in poetry, should be allowed to hold the same rank, and have the same honours paid them, with the men. As the moderns were not permitted to plead in their own suit, *Juvenal* was retained on the side of the male poets, and *Sappho* undertook the defence of the other sex. The *Roman* Satirist, in his speech at the bar, inveighed bitterly against women in general, and particularly exclaimed against their dabbling in literature: But when *Sappho* came to set forth the pretensions, which the ladies justly had to poetry, and especially in love affairs, *Apollo* could no longer resist the importunity of the *Muses* in favour of their own sex. He therefore decreed, that all those females, who thought themselves able to manage *Pegasus*, should immediately shew their skill and dexterity in riding him.

PEGASUS

PEGASUS was accordingly brought out of the stable, and the *Muses* furnished him with a side-saddle. All the ladies, who had courage enough to venture on his back, were prepared to mount: but as a great dispute arose among some of the competitors about precedency, (each of them claiming a right to ride first) it was at length agreed, that they should get into the saddle according to seniority.

UPON this a lady advanced; who, though she had something rather extravagant in her air and deportment, yet had a noble presence, that commanded at once awe and admiration. She was dressed in an old-fashioned habit, very fantastic, and trimmed with bugles and points; such as was worn in the time of king *Charles* the first. This lady, I was informed, was the Duchess of NEWCASTLE. When she came to mount, she sprung into the saddle with surprising agility; and giving an entire loose to the reins, *Pegasus* directly set up a gallop, and ran away with her quite out of sight. However, it was acknowledged, that she kept a firm seat, even when the horse went at his deepest rate; and that she wanted nothing but to ride with a curb-bridle. When she came to dismount, *Shakespeare* and *Milton* very kindly offered their hand to help her down,

down, which she accepted. Then *Esther* came up to her with a smile, and begged her to repeat those beautiful lines against Melancholy, which (she said) were so extremely picturesque. The Duchefs, with a most pleasing air immediately began —

* Dull Melancholy —

She'll make you start at ev'ry noise you hear,
And visions strange shall to your eyes appear.
Her voice is low, and gives an hollow sound;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits by blinking lamps, or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.
She loves nought else, but noise which discord makes;
As croaking frogs, whose dwelling is in lakes;
The raven hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,
And shrieking owls, that fly i'th night alone;
The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
A mill, where rushing waters run about.
She loves to walk in the still moon-shine night,
And in a thick dark grove she takes delight:
In hollow caves, thatch'd houses, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.
There leave her to herself alone to dwell,
While you and I in mirth and pleasure swell.

All the while that these lines were repeating, *Milton* seemed very attentive; and it was whispered by some, that he was obliged for many of the thoughts in his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* to this lady's * *Dialogue between Mirth and Melancholy*.

THE Celebrated ORINDA, Mrs. KATHERINE PHILIPS, was next placed in the saddle, amid the shouts and applauses of the lords *Roscommon* and *Orrery*, *Cowley*, and other famous wits of her time. Her dress was simple, though of a very elegant make: it had no profuse ornaments, and approached very nearly to the cut and fashion of the present age. Though she never ventured beyond a canter or an hand-gallop, she made *Pegasus* do his paces with so much ease and exactness, that *Waller* himself owned he could never bring him under so much command. After her Mrs. KILLIGREW, assisted by *Dryden*, and several other ladies of that age took their turns to ride: and every one agreed, that (making some allowances for their sex) they could not be excelled by the most experienced riders among the men.

* *Poems by Eminent Ladies*. Vol. II. Page 199. N. B. This Lady, it is supposed, wrote before *Milton*.

A BOLD masculine figure now pushed forward in a thin, airy, gay habit, which hung so loose about her, that she appeared to be half undrest. When she came up to *Pegasus*, she clapped her hand upon the side-saddle, and with a spring leaped across it, saying that she would never ride him but astride. She made the poor beast frisk, and caper, and curvet, and play a thousand tricks; while she herself was quite unconcerned, though she shewed her legs at every motion of the horse, and many of the *Muses* turned their heads aside blushing. *Thalia*, indeed, was a good deal pleased with her frolicks; and *Erato* declared, that next to her favourite *Sappho* she should always prefer this lady. Upon enquiring her name, I found her to be the free-spirited Mrs. BEHN. When she was to dismount, Lord *Rochester* came up, and caught her in his arms; and repeating part of her * *Ode to Desire*,

————— *To a myrtle bower*

He led her nothing loth. ————— MILTON.

I HAD now the pleasure to see many ladies of our own times, whose names I was very well acquainted with, advance towards *Pegasus*. Among the rest I could not but wonder at the

* *Poems by Eminent Ladies.* Vol. I. Page 167.

astounding

astonishing dexterity, with which the admired Mrs. LEAPOR of *Brackley* guided the horse, though she had not the least assistance from any body. Mrs. BARBER of *Ireland* was assisted in getting upon the saddle by *Swift* himself, who even condescended to hold the stirrup while she mounted. Under the Dean's direction she made the horse to pace and amble very prettily: notwithstanding which some declared, that she was not equal to her friend and country-woman Mrs. GRIERSON.

ANOTHER lady, a native of the same kingdom, then briskly stepped up to *Pegasus*; and despising the weak efforts of her husband to prevent her, she boldly jumped into the saddle, and whipping and cutting rode away furiously helter skelter over hedge and ditch, and trampled on every body who came in her road. She took particular delight in driving the poor horse, who kicked and winced all the while, into the most filthy places; where she made him fling about the dirt and mire, with which she bespattered almost every one that came near her. Sometimes, however, she would put a stop to this mad career; and then she plainly convinced us, that she knew as well how to manage *Pegasus* as any of the females, who had tried before her.

Being told that this lady was no other than the celebrated biographer of her own actions, Mrs. PILKINGTON, I had the curiosity to take a nearer view of her; when stepping up towards her, and offering my assistance to help her down, methought she returned my civility with such an uncourteous slap on the face, that (though I awaked at the instant) I could not help fancying for some time, that I felt my cheek tingle with the blow.

W
I CAN be of great assistance to you, if you want any help. I will write for you every

NUMB. LXX. *Thursday, May 29, 1755.*

— *Causam hanc justam esse in animum inducite,
Ut aliqua pars laboris minuatur mihi.*

TER.

Write, Correspondents, write, whene'er you will;
I will save me trouble, and my paper fill.

MY publisher having acquainted me, that he intends to close the volume with this number, I shall take the opportunity to throw together several letters, which I have received in the course of this work, and to balance with all my correspondents; at the same time assuring them,

them, that I shall be very glad to open a fresh account with them in my next Volume.

IN the infancy of this undertaking, I was honoured with the following very kind billet from a brother of the quill; the terms of which I am sorry it was not in my power to comply with.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN be of great assistance to you, if you want any help. I will write for you every other week, or oftener if you chuse it. As a specimen of my powers, I have sent you an essay, which is at your service. It is short, but a very good one.

Yours at command,

T. TURNPENNY.

P. S. Please to send by the bearer a Guinea.

THE contents of the postscript I naturally referred to the consideration of my publisher, who consequently had a right to determine on the goodness of my friend's essay; but, whatever was the reason, I heard no more of it. The commerce between bookseller and author is,

indeed, of very great service, especially to the latter: for, though I myself must undoubtedly be excepted out of the number, yet it must be confessed, that the most famous wits have owed their support to this pecuniary intercourse. Meat and drink, and the other conveniences of life, are as necessary to an author, as pen, ink and paper: and I remember to have seen, in the possession of Mr. *Tonson*, a curious manuscript of the great *Dryden* himself, wherein he petitions his bookseller to advance a sum of money to his tailor.

THE next letter comes likewise from an author, who complains of an evil, which does not, indeed, often affect many of our fraternity; I mean, the custom of giving money to servants.

Dear Mr. TOWN,

I HAVE been happy all this winter in having the run of a nobleman's table, who was pleased to patronize a work of mine, and to which he allowed me the honour of prefixing his name in a dedication. We geniuses have a spirit, you know, far beyond our pockets: and (besides the extraordinary expence of new cloaths to appear decent) I assure you I have laid out every farthing, that I ever received from his lordship's

lordship's bounty, in tips to his servants. After every dinner I was forced to run the gantlope through a long line of powdered pick-pockets: and I could not but look upon it as a very ridiculous circumstance, that I should be obliged to give money to a fellow, who was dressed much finer than myself. In such a case, I am apt to consider the showy waistcoat of a foppish footman, or butler out of livery, as laced down with the shillings and half-crowns of the guests.

I would therefore beg of you, Mr. Town, to recommend the poor author's case to the consideration of the gentlemen of the cloth; humbly praying, that they would be pleased to let us go scot-free as well as the clergy. For though a good meal is in truth a very comfortable thing to us, it is enough to blunt the edge of our appetites, to consider that we must afterwards pay so dear for our ordinary.

I am, S I R,

Your humble servant,

JEFFERY BAREBONES.

By some of my papers I find I have drawn upon me the censure, not only of the Free-thinkers, but of the Moravians, Methodists, and other numerous sectaries, which have lately started up in opposition to our established religion. The following letter, occasioned by my sixty-first number, bears about it so many marks of an original, that it certainly comes from one of their teachers, who (as his stile smells so much of the craft) is undoubtedly some inspired shoemaker, or enlightened bricklayer. I have, therefore, printed it without any alteration, except in the spelling.

Mr. CONNOISSEUR.

S I R,

I HAVE taken the pains as usual to read your paper; and as you receive letters, I thought proper among the rest to send one also, to let you know, that I did not know that a cat was capable of constituting a religious society before. A priest may, 'tis true; and so may another rational creature, and perhaps an old woman also. But, Sir, you argue, that what a *French* fool or lunatic says on this head, is true; but you make more out, I observe, from the old woman and the leathern apron, than you do of the cat. For,
if

if old women will, or does constitute a religious society, I understand from the foundation you seem to argue, that you are as much an old woman as they. For to argue or reason from an old woman's story, and for all your learning, and policy, and cunningness, and judgment you seem to have, you have but little of yourself: and as you seem to ridicule religion, and compare it to atheism or lunacy, I would beg the favour to know, Sir, what religion You are of: but by your talk I fear you are of none at all.

THIS New Doctrine, Sir, that you revile, is the real gospel, which you will find so, if you hear it, and compare it with the scriptures, if you believe any scripture at all. For you say, Sir, that the most extraordinary tenets of religion are very successfully propagated under the sanction of leathern aprons instead of cassocks. Well, and suppose it is: you acknowledge it is received by well disposed people; and if it is, then it is plain, as you ridicule it, you are not one of these well disposed. But, Sir, this New Doctrine, as you call it, is not only propagated under the sanction of leathern aprons, by barbers, bricklayers, and the like, but by many of the clergy now in the established church: and if you often went to hear them, but not as a critic to carp at
what

what is there spoken, you would understand more what this New Doctrine meant, and whether it drives men to enthusiasm, and the like, or no.

SIR, what you touch on the Moravians, I will not say any thing about or against: for perhaps it is too true. But, Sir, I would advise you to know a little more of religion experimentally for yourself, before you pretend to condemn others. And, Sir, if you are informed, that there will be a mad-house built on the ground where the Foundery stands, or the Methodists Meeting-house, as you call it, perhaps there may be as many criticising lunatics in it, as religious ones; and very likely more. Sir, I beg you would take care, you don't bother your brains too much about other peoples affairs; lest I should have the pain, not the pleasure, of seeing you there.

I HAVE just given you a sketch of the ridiculing the New Doctrine, and wish you could find some better employ, if so be it was with a leathern apron before you; for I think it would become you better than this point does. Sir, I hope you will excuse my freedom with you, as others must yours with them.

Your humble servant,

WISH NO HARM.

THE last letter, which I shall add, comes from an unknown correspondent, who has already obliged me more than once, if I may judge from the hand-writing.

S I R,

SOME time ago you archly remarked, that there was not one *Woman* left, but that the whole sex was elevated into *LADIES*. You might at the same time have taken notice of the wonderful increase among the other sex in the order of *GENTLEMEN*.

BESIDES those, who are universally acknowledged of this rank from their birth and situation in life, the courtesy of *England* also entitles all persons, who carry arms, to that dignity: so that his Majesty's three regiments of guards are composed entirely of *Gentlemen*; and every priggish fellow, who can clap a *queue* to his peruke, and hang a sword awkwardly dangling by his side, from thence assumes the importance, as well as name of a *Gentleman*. Idleness and ignorance being too often the disgrace of those, who are *Gentlemen* born and bred, many invest themselves with that dignity, though with no other qualifications. If the pride, poverty, or neglect of parents, has prevented their son from
being

being bound apprentice, or if the idle rascal has shewn his indentures a light pair of heels, in either case *Tom* is of no trade, and consequently a Gentleman. I know at this time a man, who came from *Ireland* last summer with an hayfork, but before winter raised himself to the rank of a Gentleman; and every day I go to *Windmill-street*, I see a very honourable Gentleman betting large sums of money, whom I formerly remember Marker of the Tennis Court. Add to this, that all attorneys clerks, apprentices, and the like are Gentlemen every evening; and the citizen, (who drudges all the rest of the week behind the counter) every Sunday, together with his laced waistcoat and ruffles, puts on the Gentleman. Every author, Mr. TOWN, is a Gentleman, if not an Esquire, by his profession; and all the players, from *King Richard* to the *Lieutenant of the Tower*, are Gentlemen.

THE body of Gentlemen is still more numerous; but I have not leisure at present to climb up to garrets, or dive into cellars after them. I shall only observe, that many of the abovementioned members of this order die with the same reputation that they lived, and go out of the world, like *Squire Maclean*, or *Gentleman Harry*.

Your humble servant, &c.

* * BEFORE I dismiss this new edition of my works, I think it my duty to return thanks to my kind readers for their candid reception of these Papers, as they were separately published: Though I cannot but be sensible, that either through haste, inadvertence, or other avocations, they unavoidably abounded with many faults; from which I have endeavoured to clear them as much as possible in their present form. Mr. Faulkner of Dublin is very welcome, therefore, to his *Irish* edition, printed *literatim* from my *Folio*; in which, I dare say, the very errors of the press are most religiously preserved.

I CANNOT but regret, indeed, that there is still wanting one principal ornament to these little volumes; I mean, the DEDICATION. Not that there are wanting persons highly deserving of all the praises, which the most obsequious and most devoted Author could possibly lavish on them: for in all ages, and in all nations, these have always abounded. *Latin* Authors, for example, have never failed to pay their compliments to the illustrious family of the *Issimi*; such as the *laudatissimi*, the *eminentissimi*, the *commendatissimi*, the *famigeratissimi*, the *doctissimi*, the *nobilissimi*, &c. and among our own writers no less
respect

respect has been shewn to the numerous race of the *most* famous, the *most* ingenious, the *most* learned, the *most* eminent, &c. It is but justice, that those, who offer the incense, should "live by the altar:" yet, notwithstanding I gave notice to any Rich Citizen, Nobleman, or Others, that my Dedication should be disposed of to the Best Bidder, I have received no overtures on that head. In the City, this *Course of Exchange* has not yet been established; and among people of quality, the market has been over-stocked, and flattery is become a mere drag; while some of them, who have taken up the trade themselves, have, perhaps, considered me as a rival or inter-loper in the business.

It remains only to give an account of the Authors concerned in this work. I am sorry, that I do not know the names of any of the Voluntiers, to whom I have been greatly indebted: and as to those, who have engaged for the drudgery of the week, various conjectures have been formed about them. Some are sure, that the papers signed T are written by Mr. *Such an One*,—because it is the first letter of his name; and others, by *Another*,—because it is not: O is the mark of the *Honourable* ———, or *Lord* ———; they know it by the stile: And W
must

must be the work of a certain famous wit,
and no other: — *Aut Erasmus, aut Diabolus.*
But to put this matter out of all doubt, and to
satisfy the curiosity of my readers, all I am at
liberty at present to divulge is, that none of the
papers (to my knowledge) were written by the
Honourable —, or *Lord* —, or —
Esquire; but that those which are marked with
a T, and those with an O, and those with a W,
(as well as those which hereafter may perhaps be
signed N,) are furnished by the ingenious and
learned gentleman, who has subscribed his name
to this paper,

T, O, W, N.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF THE

CONSTITUTION



BY MR. TOWN

AND CENSOR

VOLUME THE SECOND

THE HISTORY OF THE

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THE THIRD EDITION

LONDON

PRINTED BY

